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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1925

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States of Consciousness

ONE of the Buddhist Suttas is known as the *Potthapada Sutta*, so called in honour of the Brahman to whom the Buddha addressed the teaching it contains, and who was so moved by the wise eloquence of the Master, that he sought and received permission to become a member of the Order.

Potthapada is the softened Pali form of the Sanskrit, Poshtrapada, the name of one of the lunar mansions, the spaces through which the moon moves, day by day, from west to east, across the background of the stars. From this lunar mansion the Brahman took his name.

The *Potthapada Sutta* shares with other Suttas in the same collection certain characteristics. Its spirit is at once reverent and humorous; it reveals an admirable gift for drawing character against a background of Aryan life; it goes forward in the same leisurely way, repeating dissertations and descriptions word for word as they have been given before. Whoever has told children some story that they love, has, no doubt, discovered that they remember accurately every detail, every phrase, and that they will in no wise tolerate any departure from the authorized version of the story. In exactly the same way, the recorders of these Suttas, and those to whom they were rehearsed, love to have the very same words repeated time after time. For them, iteration, far from being a blemish or a shortcoming, is a charming quality in which they consciously delight. These early followers of the Buddha had the minds of sages and the hearts of children.

Thus resembling the other discourses of the same group, the *Potthapada* surpasses them all, perhaps, in lucidity and earnestness. We get very close to the heart of the Buddha's message, as he desired it to be received and put into practice. For his purpose was altogether practical. Beyond the measure of the other Suttas, this one gives us the living image of the Buddha,

wise, pure of heart, earnest, eager to lead men into the path of life, ready to guide them to final victory. His thought and speech are more direct, less qualified and veiled by the need of accommodating them to the mental habit and limitation of those whom he addressed. So we owe a debt of gratitude to the Brahman Potthapada for the clear and honest mind, which made it possible for the great Aryan Master to speak to him so openly, so directly.

For students of Theosophy, the setting of the story is peculiarly attractive. Among the wealthy lay disciples of the Buddha was one Sudatta, to whom had been given the title Anathapindaka, "He who gives food to those who have no wealth." This lay disciple had purchased and presented to the Buddha, for the use of the Order, a tract of land called Jeta Vana, and on this land, dwellings for the Master and his disciples were built. It is worth noting that among the Bharhut sculptures, carved twenty-three centuries ago, there is a bas-relief representing the purchase of Jeta Vana and its presentation to the Buddha, with an inscription identifying the occasion. It appears that, a short distance from the residence of the Order, was a park belonging to Queen Mallika, and, further, that this royal and enlightened lady had caused to be built there a wide hall, set about with Tinduka trees, of which we know only that they bore fruit, and that they are mentioned in the epic poems. This hall, which became so celebrated that it came to be known simply as The Hall, was intended by its queenly founder to be "a place for the discussion of religious views and teachings," without distinction, it would appear, of caste or creed. For this purpose it was in fact habitually used. Here, when our story begins, we find Potthapada and his followers in residence. Tradition says he had been a wealthy Brahman, but he is here given the title of Pilgrim. With him were many of his adherents, to wit, three hundred pilgrims.

The Master Gotama, we are told, had risen early in the morning, and, wrapping his robe about him and taking his bowl, had set forth toward the neighbouring town of Savatthi to receive an offering of rice. But bethinking him that it was yet very early for the good folk of Savatthi, he determined to go instead to Queen Mallika's park, where was The Hall, set about with Tinduka trees, and destined for the discussion of religious views and teachings. This he therefore did.

Then we get a touch of the reverent humour of the Suttas, and, at the same time, by indirection, a little lesson in the good manners and deportment of the Buddha's Order. For at that very time it happened that Pilgrim Potthapada was seated in The Hall, with many of his adherents, to wit, with three hundred pilgrims. It would seem, however, that they were swerving somewhat from good Queen Mallika's purpose. They were not discussing religious views and teachings. What they were doing the recorder of the Sutta tells us in detail:

"With a roaring, with a shrill and mighty noise, they were relating many kinds of common tales, such, for example, as talk of kings, talk of robbers, talk of ministers, talk of armies, talk of terror, talk of war, talk of food and drink and garments and couches, talk of garlands and perfumes, talk of kin-

ships and cars, of villages and towns and cities and countries, talk of women and men and heroes, talk of the street and of the village well, talk of the dead, all kinds of stories, traditions of the forming of lands and oceans, discussions of being and non-being." The narrator knows, and his auditors knew, that this is precisely the list of unprofitable themes from which the Pilgrim Gotama and his disciples refrained, as detailed by Gotama himself.

While this animated but unedifying din continued, Pilgrim Potthapada saw the Master Gotama at a distance approaching, and, seeing him, he checked his company:

"Let the gentlemen be less noisy! Let the gentlemen not make noise! Here comes the Pilgrim Gotama. That venerable one is a lover of quietude, one who speaks in praise of quietude. Should he see our company full of quietude, perhaps he would bethink him to join us!"

So the pilgrims became silent. So the Master came to where Pilgrim Potthapada was. And Pilgrim Potthapada thus addressed the Master:

"May the venerable Master come hither! The venerable Master is welcome. It is a long time since the venerable Master has taken the turn coming hither. Let the venerable Master be seated. Here is a seat made ready."

So the Master took the seat prepared for him. And Pilgrim Potthapada brought a low seat, and seated himself beside him. Then the Master said:

"What was the subject that you were discussing, Potthapada, seated here together? What was the theme that was interrupted?"

"Let the matter rest, venerable Sir, that we were discussing, seated here together. It will be no hard thing for the Master to hear it later. But more than once, in past days, when Pilgrims and Brahmans of differing views had met together and were seated in this hall of discussion, the talk turned to the cessation of consciousness: 'How comes the cessation of consciousness?' And some said: 'Without cause or motive a man's consciousness arises and ceases. At what time it arises, at that time he is conscious; at what time it ceases, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness. Then another said: 'Not so, Sir, will it be. For consciousness is the man's self, and that comes and goes. At what time it comes, at that time he is conscious, and at what time it goes, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness. Then another said: 'Not so, Sir, will it be. There are Pilgrims and Brahmans of great power, of great might. They draw in the man's consciousness and draw it out. At what time they draw it in, at that time he is conscious, and at what time they draw it out, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness. Then another said: 'Not so, Sir, will it be. There are Bright Beings of great power, of great might. They draw in the man's consciousness and draw it out. At what time they draw it in, at that time he is conscious, and at what time they draw it out, at that time he is unconscious.' Thus some set forth the cessation of consciousness.

"Then, Sir, the memory of the Master came to me, and I thought: 'Would that the Master were here! Would that the Blessed One were here, who is so

skilled in these principles.' The Master thoroughly knows the cessation of consciousness. How, Sir, is the cessation of consciousness?"

"As to that, Potthapada, the Pilgrims and Brahmans who say: 'Without cause or motive a man's consciousness arises and ceases,' are wrong at the very beginning. Why? Because a man's state of consciousness has a cause and a motive. Through discipline one state of consciousness arises, through discipline another state of consciousness ceases."

Through discipline one state of consciousness arises, through discipline another state of consciousness ceases: a significant sentence. It would be hard to find a weightier, or one that more perfectly reveals and sums up the Buddha's purpose and message. The Brahmans and seekers after spiritual truth had for ages been considering and discussing the higher states of consciousness, the consciousness of adepts, of Masters, of the Bright Powers in the celestial hierarchy. Through the long course of centuries, these states of consciousness had come to be objective themes of speculation, everyone holding and argumentatively defending a different opinion. The whole matter had become obscure and remote, with the unreality that comes from much discussion. The Buddha lit up the whole dark field of controversy with a single luminous sentence: All states of spiritual consciousness, even those of the Bright Powers and the Masters, can be known because they can be attained; they can all be attained through discipline.

The sentence is as vital now as when Potthapada heard it. It is the answer to all the perplexities of philosophy and religion, the reconciliation in all controversies between religion and science, between materialism and idealism. It is the essence of Theosophy: All states of spiritual consciousness may be attained through discipline. It is the exact equivalent of the Western Master's saying: Live the life and you will know the doctrine.

So we come back to our Sutta. It is, perhaps, a mark of the Buddha's eagerness, his ardent desire to press home this saving truth, that he did not wait for Potthapada to ask the inevitable question, but immediately proceeded to formulate it himself:

"Through discipline one state of consciousness arises, through discipline another state of consciousness ceases. And what is discipline? It is this, Potthapada!"

Here we have one of the iterations already spoken of; for it is precisely the ordered teaching that follows, that forms the heart in this group of Suttas, and is repeated, in exactly the same words and in the same order, in each one of the thirteen Suttas that form the group. They are so many settings, picturesque, dramatic, vivid, for the same central doctrine. Any one of the thirteen thus gives the essence, the vital part, meant to be put into practice, of the whole teaching. They are equally valid,—separate or united; each one suffices for the practical needs of the disciple.

A part of this teaching we have already given in an earlier study, from which we may here quote one or two paragraphs, leaving the more complete analysis and study of each section for a future occasion:

"What is discipline? It is this, Potthapada! A Tathagata is born in the world, an Arhat, fully awakened, endowed with wisdom and righteousness, benign, knowing the worlds, unsurpassed as a guide of men, a teacher of bright beings and of mortals, a Buddha, a Master. He of himself thoroughly knows and sees face to face the universe, the world of bright powers, the world of dark powers, the world of the formative divinities, the world of ascetics and Brahmans, peoples of the earth, the bright powers and mankind, and declares his knowledge to others. He proclaims the Law, lovely in its beginning, lovely in its progress, lovely in its consummation, in the spirit and in the letter, he reveals the spiritual life in its fulness, in its purity. This Law a householder hears, or a householder's son, or one born in any other class. Hearing the Law, he gains faith in the Tathagata. . . . In no long time leaving his portion of wealth be it small or great, and his circle of relatives, be they few or many, he departs from his dwelling and enters the way of renunciation. . . .

"He who has gone forth dwells obedient to the rules of the Order, rejoicing in righteousness, seeing danger in the least transgression, accepting and training himself in the precepts, righteous in word and deed, innocent in his livelihood, righteous in conduct, keeping the door of the senses, recollected in consciousness, happy.

"How is he righteous in conduct? He perseveres in kindness, honesty, chastity, truthfulness, abstinence, courtesy, quietude, reticence; he is simple in heart, in word, in speech. As a crowned king, victorious, sees no danger, so is the disciple poised and confident. Through this noble discipline, he attains perfect peace. . . . He rids his heart of the three poisons: anger, greed, delusion; he conquers the five obscurities: envy, passion, sloth, vacillation, unbelief. . . ."

Righteousness and wisdom must go together; they cannot be separated without grave injury to both. The adherents of religion may think that they can follow righteousness and ignore wisdom. The devotees of science may imagine that they can reach wisdom while ignoring righteousness. Both miss the mark. The goal is spiritual consciousness, in ascending degrees, in deepening richness and plenitude. To gain spiritual consciousness, we need both; wisdom and righteousness are the two wings of the soul. So we come back to our Sutta:

"When the disciple perceives within himself that the five obscurities are banished, happiness is born within him, when he has gained happiness joy is born within him, when he becomes joyful in mind, his body becomes quiet, when his body is quiet he attains serenity, when he attains serenity, his heart enters into spiritual contemplation. He, rid of evil desires, rid of evil tendencies, enters the first stage of spiritual meditation, marked by the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, full of joy and serenity, and in that state he abides. His former state, consciousness of evil desires, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness born of discernment and the rejection of evil, full of joy and serenity, subtile, real, he is conscious in discern-

ment, joy, serenity, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then, again, Potthapada, transcending the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, the disciple enters the second stage of spiritual consciousness, marked by the stillness of the inner self, the unification of the intelligence, without the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, a state born of spiritual contemplation, joyful, serene, and in that state he abides. His former state, a consciousness born of discernment and rejection, joyful, serene, subtile, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness born of spiritual contemplation, joyful, serene, subtile, real, he is conscious in spiritual contemplation, joy, serenity, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, who has passed beyond the longing for happiness and the conquest of passion, dwells recollected and spiritually conscious, throughout his whole nature he experiences that serenity which the noble Arhats declare, saying: 'Poised, recollected, he dwells serene,' thus attaining the third stage of spiritual consciousness, he abides in it. The preceding state of consciousness, born of spiritual contemplation, joyful, serene, subtile, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness poised, serene, subtile, real, he is conscious in poise, serenity, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, by transcending pleasure and by transcending pain, both elation and dejection having ceased like the sun at its setting, enters into the fourth stage of spiritual consciousness, other than sorrow, other than joy, a condition poised, recollected, pure, and there abides. The preceding state of consciousness, poised, serene, subtile, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness other than sorrow, other than joy, subtile, real, he is conscious beyond sorrow, beyond joy, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, by passing beyond all consciousness of form, by the cessation of the consciousness of resistance, by transcending the perception of diversity, with the thought, 'Infinite is the shining ether,' enters the infinity of the shining ether and there abides. The preceding state of consciousness of form ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness resting in the infinity of the shining ether, serene, subtile, real, he is conscious as resting in the infinity of the shining ether, serene, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, passing altogether beyond the state of abiding in the infinity of the shining ether, with the thought, 'Infinite is intelligence,' enters into the abode of the infinity of intelligence and there

abides. The preceding state of consciousness of the infinity of the shining ether ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness resting in the infinity of intelligence, subtile, real, he is conscious as abiding in the infinity of intelligence, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Then again, Potthapada, the disciple, passing altogether beyond the state of abiding in the infinity of intelligence, with the thought, 'Nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation,' enters into the state in which nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation and there abides. The preceding state of the consciousness of the infinity of intelligence, subtile, real, ceases. While he possesses a state of consciousness in which nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation, subtile, real, he is conscious as in a state in which nothing whatsoever exists in manifestation, subtile, real. Thus by discipline one state of consciousness arises, by discipline another state of consciousness ceases. This is discipline.

"Thus, Potthapada, the disciple, beginning from the point at which he possesses a state of consciousness of his own attaining, goes forward progressively from one to the other, from one to the other, until he attains the summit of consciousness. . . ."

So far, this marvellously luminous and complete description of the seven stages of spiritual consciousness. It will be noted, first, that the Buddha says, of each one of the seven, that it is "subtile, real"; they are not delusive, fanciful conditions, but genuine spiritual realities. Next, it will be noted that, of the seven, the first four are numbered, as the first, second, third and fourth stages of spiritual consciousness, together forming the "four dhyanas"; the three remaining are not numbered. We have thus a lower quaternary and a higher triad.

Considering the first four, we find that they may be grouped into two intellectual stages and two moral stages. First is the intellectual stage characterized by "the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments," the activity of Manas illumined by Buddhi; Manas marshals the thoughts, while the light of Buddhi forms the judgments. To put it in another way, Manas makes a quantitative analysis; Buddhi makes a qualitative analysis, determining real values.

In the second stage, there is less Manas and more Buddhi. It is a state of spiritual contemplation, as distinguished from the preceding state of intellectual discernment or discrimination; a consciousness of spiritual reality, profound, joyful, serene, real.

Between the third and the fourth stages there is a similar line of distinction, but it is now moral rather than intellectual. Through the earlier stages of discipline the disciple has conquered all the causes of misery, the three poisons and the five obscurities. Through this conquest, he attains to the joy of victory. On this joy of victory the third of the four numbered stages of spiritual consciousness is based. It is still a consciousness which admits of the

idea of duality; in this case, the contrast between the misery left behind and the joy attained.

But in the deeper sense both misery and joy are essential elements of our human life, exactly as being born and dying are equally essential elements in the progressive series of births and rebirths. Misery is, for the great masses, the essential stimulus to evolution; the effort to escape misery is the effort to attain joy. Misery drives, joy draws. They are the two sides of one spiritual power. So, ascending from stage to stage of spiritual consciousness, the disciple comes to the stage at which he enters into that one spiritual power and cognizes it from within, by identifying himself with its essence. He learns that joy and sorrow, misery and happiness, are in essence one. Supreme suffering is supreme happiness. The martyr dies in torment, rejoicing. The pain of the disciple is his joy. So he attains the fourth stage, "other than sorrow, other than joy, a condition poised, recollected, pure."

So we come to the three unnumbered stages of spiritual consciousness, the higher triad of our septenary. We may gain at least some preliminary understanding of them by the use of analogy. It need hardly be said that this is a very different thing from actually entering and experiencing them. Preliminary understanding may be possible for the disciple; direct experience belongs to the Master, or to the disciple during Initiation, when his consciousness is blended with the consciousness of the Master.

Within the limits of preliminary understanding, we can form some idea of what these higher stages of spiritual consciousness mean. The word translated "shining ether" is in Pali, Akasa, in Sanskrit, Akasha, the literal meaning of which is "the shining forth." In one aspect it is the spiritual principle of Space, which "shines forth" from the unmanifest Eternal. In another aspect, it is the Light of the Logos. With the Light of the Logos, the disciple who has reached this state of spiritual consciousness is blended in a united life, experiencing the universal extension, the radiance, of that Light.

In like manner, the "Infinite Intelligence" of the succeeding stage would seem to be the Logos in its own essential being. Into that being, the consciousness of the disciple enters. He lives as the Logos. He is conscious as the Logos.

Finally, there is the complete merging of the consciousness in the Eternal, in that Nirvana which is Parabrahm.

What has gone before should make it clear that, while these seven states of spiritual consciousness are states of spiritual intelligence, they are not intellectual states. They are not to be gained, or even understood in outline, through any activity of intellect alone. No gymnastic exercise of Manas will disclose their real nature. The Buddha explicitly declares, and this is the whole message and burden of the Sutta, that they are to be gained only through spiritual discipline, through the exercise and mastery of those high virtues and qualities which he has enumerated. In plain truth, that spiritual state which is "other than sorrow, other than joy" requires for its attainment not intellectual acumen but heroism. Without the heroic power to bear

the utmost of sorrow, the joy which dwells in the heart of sorrow cannot be won in the victory which reveals sorrow and joy as the two sides of the same experience.

As a great disciple of the Buddha has said: "These subjects are only partly for the understanding. A high faculty belonging to the higher life, must see; and it is truly impossible to force it upon one's understanding, merely in words. One must see with his spiritual eye, hear with his Dharmakayic ear, feel with the sensations of his spiritual 'I,' before he can comprehend this doctrine fully."

From the same high authority, we may quote a passage which sheds a flood of light on the form of cognition above the marshalling of thoughts and the forming of judgments, and also on the consciousness which is attained through union with the Light of the Logos:

"There comes a moment in the life of an adept, when the hardships he has passed through are a thousandfold rewarded. In order to acquire further knowledge, he has no more to go through a minute and slow process of investigation and comparison of various objects, but is accorded an instantaneous, implicit insight into every first truth. . . . The adept sees and feels and lives in the very essence of all fundamental truths, the Universal Spiritual Essence of Nature."

He is the greatest Beggar that the heavens and the earth have ever had, the terrible Mendicant of Love. The wounds of His hands are the purses always empty; and He holds them out for each one of you to fill with the little money of your sufferings and griefs. There is then only one thing to do—to give to Him.

—J. K. Huysmans.

FRAGMENTS

"EACH individual, and the work as a whole, is able to endure a certain amount of pressure. The immediate object is to increase this ability—in the individual and in the work. Inevitably this will have to be a gradual process; and though there must be advance—steady advance, else there will be retrogression and consequent decay—yet also the pressure must never be so great as to cause the already developed (but *rarely consolidated*) strength to break under it. Margins of safety must exist. Hence the need for patience.

"The particular function of the Centre, therefore, is to maintain an inviolable standard. The ideal in the Movement must never be lost, either in general or in smallest detail. (Here lies the first grave danger of success.) On the contrary, that Centre must increase in its perception of perfection, in its insistence upon a realization of that perfection. Its foundations must be as immovable as the Himalayas, its growth only toward the stars. The unattainable, the impossible, must alone be its goal, and never at any point can there be a shadow of compromise. Year by year the atmosphere of that Centre must become more rarified, that an increased volume of spiritual force may fill it. Its vision and ideals constitute the vessel which the Lodge can fill. Do not let that vessel be too small. . . .

"In these austere solitudes is a terrible loneliness, but an exalted communion can be found there also."

CAVÉ.

November 6th, 1922.

EXPERIENCE AND NATURE

PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY of Columbia University is probably, after William James, the most widely known of American philosophers. Therefore, his ideas demand consideration. No man can attain reputation and popularity during his lifetime, unless he succeeds in giving conscious expression to some of the thoughts and desires which are the real motives of the men of his generation, but which, without his aid, would remain subconscious and unrevealed.

His most recent book, *Experience and Nature*,[1] brings to a focus certain potent tendencies which are operative beneath the surface of modern life. It might be described as an enquiry into the nature of things, with the intent of discovering there a justification for the materialistic optimism which would be the philosophical creed of the average modern citizen, if he had intelligence or vigour enough to frame a creed.

Materialistic optimism as a philosophical system is a quite modern invention, for it is distinctly a product of the era of applied science. Ancient materialism differed from its modern descendant in being profoundly pessimistic. The Epicureans, for example, were far more uncompromising in their atomism than most modern scientists; their identification of all reality with "brute matter" was absolute and irrevocable, in no wise tempered by any concession to religion or to conventional modes of thought: but they were not moral materialists, at least not in any modern sense. They held worldly wisdom in as great contempt as it has ever been held by Christian saint or Eastern ascetic. Worldly wisdom, as commonly defined, consists in the ability to multiply the goods of this world; but ancient materialism agreed with ancient religion in proclaiming the utter futility of a multiplication which is continually divided by disillusion and ultimately erased by death. Not until the dawn of applied science—to be more exact, not until after the invention of gunpowder—do we find materialists who were also optimists. The latest and, perhaps, the most consistent of these optimists is Professor Dewey.

Doubtless, one cause of materialistic optimism is the glamour surrounding the word, "science." So much has happened to change material conditions since the French Revolution. We can indulge ourselves with comforts which our ancestors did not even invent in fables; and in the same period our knowledge of natural phenomena has grown a thousand-fold, so that we compute the velocities of atoms and weigh the gases of distant stars. Why should we not expect similar triumphs, if we were to apply "science" to the regulation of human life?

It is a natural question, but the optimists who answer with loud affirma-

[1] *Experience and Nature*, by John Dewey; The Open Court Publishing Co., 1925.

tives, do not take into consideration the factors which so impressed the pessimists of antiquity. Disillusion and death, pain and cruelty, exist now as they existed thousands of years ago, and applied science, which is concerned with the manipulation of physical matter, is no more effective in modifying the subjective world of consciousness than was the worldly wisdom of the Romans. If applied science has increased the means of pleasure, it has in the same ratio increased the means of suffering.

Professor Dewey defines wisdom in such general terms that it is only by placing his definition in the setting of the whole book that we can surmise more exactly what he means. He says that "a true wisdom . . . discovers . . . the method of administering the unfinished processes of existence so that . . . the precarious promises of good that haunt experienced things shall be more liberally fulfilled (p. 77)." Plato might have defined wisdom in exactly the same terms; but he would have conceived the "unfinished processes of existence" as incapable of completion upon the plane of our ordinary personal consciousness. Professor Dewey, if we interpret his idea correctly, sees no barrier to an indefinite extension of happiness and power here and now in the world as we know it. Unlike Plato, he does not believe in the gods, but sees men enjoying the prerogatives of gods while remaining both "inside and out" very much as they are at present.

One might call such a vision a democrat's dream of paradise: and it is a fact that Professor Dewey is a democrat, with a thoroughness and a logical consistency which compel the respect always due to honesty. He makes war upon the hierarchical principle not only in politics and social relations, but in ethics and metaphysics. He cannot tolerate, for example, the Aristotelian classification of ends as vegetative, animal, rational and contemplative, each successive end or state of consciousness being an outgrowth of its lower predecessor and a means or "preformed condition" of its higher successor. He comments that "such a classificatory enterprise is naturally consoling to those who enjoy a privileged status, whether as philosophers, as saints or scholars, and who wish to justify their special status. But its consoling apologetics should not blind us to the fact that to think of objects as more or less ends is nonsense (p. 106)." If we ask why it is nonsense, we are told that any apparent difference of intensity or reality in objects "is not, save as subject to reflective choice, a distinction in rank or choice or finality," everything that happens being really as final as everything else.

One immediate consequence of this hostility towards the hierarchical principle is to remove from human aspiration any supernal object of reverence or adoration, to which the worshipper may offer himself as a sacrifice. One can see why there has always been so close a connection between materialistic optimism and so-called democratic "idealism." Only a hardened democrat can be optimistic about his personal shortcomings, for he refuses to admit a standard for comparisons.

Professor Dewey has really the courage of his convictions. He will not

even admit that such abstractions as truth or beauty are entitled to the serious consideration of a mature philosopher. Knowledge is not for him an assimilation by the mind of a higher consciousness gained through meditation upon the phases of truth which are the proper objects of that higher consciousness. He treats all such ideas as part of the nonsense of the classical tradition with its continual emphasis upon knowledge as an end in itself. In Professor Dewey's metaphysics, knowledge is not an end. To justify its existence, it must be a means of enhancing life here and now; it must pay material dividends. "All reason which is itself reasoned, is thus method, not substance; operative, not end in itself. To imagine it the latter is to transport it outside the natural world, to convert it into a god, whether a big and original one or a little and derived one, outside of the contingencies of existence and untouched by its vicissitudes (p. 435)." "This is," he adds, "the meaning of the reason which is alleged to envisage reality *sub specie æternitatis*." Eternity, as he conceives it, is not a term symbolizing a state of being transcending the present limits of our consciousness; it is only one more hollow abstraction invented by philosophers in the interest of their caste.

There is, of course, a certain justice in Professor Dewey's outspoken criticism of the classical tradition. Much of the service of truth has been lip-service, and it is unfortunately a fact that the modern representatives of the ancient idealistic doctrine have been for the most part mere schoolmen, dependent for their ideas upon the experience of others. Unless truth is experienced, it is only a word like any other. The vitality of the classical tradition began to fail when its source was forgotten through the severance of the philosophical schools from the Greek Mysteries, wherein truth was conceived not as an abstraction but as a living thing. We are far from the Greek Mysteries and it would be unwise to affirm that the academic idealist, whose doctrine is not rooted in personal experience, has necessarily a greater integrity than the honest skeptic who calls the love of truth a romantic delusion.

We have seen that Professor Dewey judges knowledge by its pragmatic value, by the way in which it "works"; but it would be unfair to represent him as thinking only or primarily of superficial utilitarian results. He would not assert, for instance, that the sole value of pure science is its contribution to medicine or chemistry or electrical engineering. He does say that "the genuine interests of pure science are served only by broadening the ideas of application to include all phases of liberation and enrichment of human experience (p. 165)." It is a modern fashion to value the arts according to the intensity of the emotions which they arouse. Similarly, Professor Dewey represents science as the art of increasing the sense of personal existence and personal power.

The great difference, as he describes it, between animal and human consciousness, is the power of the human to modify and to control its relation to Nature. The human mind has the faculties of memory and anticipation in common with the animal, but in addition it has developed some power of

selecting the field of its experience. Man does not enjoy or suffer passively; to a greater or lesser degree he is always discriminating, actively choosing, exercising free-will, using science. This is to endow Nature with "meaning."

"Man in nature is man subjected; nature in man, recognized and used, is intelligence and art (p. 28)." "What a physical event immediately is and what it *can* do or its relationship, are distinct and incommensurable. But when an event has meaning, its potential consequences become its integral and funded feature. When the potential consequences are important and repeated, they form the very nature and essence of a thing (p. 182)."

The facts here stated are familiar to students of Theosophy. The brain-mind which is the repository of conscious and unconscious memories, is constantly planning the repetition of pleasure and the avoidance of pain. This activity undoubtedly endows events with meaning in the sense that it surrounds them with a sort of subjective atmosphere. The sea has a *personal* interest for the mariner, which is unintelligible to a landlubber.

When the mind is not dominated, however, by some reverence or devotion towards an object beyond personal consideration, the activity of the mind ceases to be creative and becomes merely repetitive. For Professor Dewey, science and civilization can only be *quantitative* extensions of being, whereby experiences are first classified according to their immediate personal colouring, and then the more pleasurable are set aside for indefinite multiplication. Knowledge of the order which he describes, has no concern with the discernment or assimilation of the eternal verities, but is simply a means to pleasure, to the enhancement of personal life. Pleasure, of course, does not necessarily imply something gross and sensual. In a sensitive and civilized nature, pleasure may assume subtle forms which would appear boresome or painful to a barbarian; but the essential factor in Professor Dewey's "pragmatism" is its consistent acceptance of the personality as the object for which all science and art exist.

A student of Theosophy would admit, of course, the legitimacy of heeding the needs of personal life: the body must be fed and given sleep and air, the emotions must be provided with due æsthetic exercise and the mind must be held in contact with the actualities of experience; but he would be less ready to accept his present personality as the real end of all his intellection and aspiration. The real end, as he conceives it, is an ever greater subjection of the personality to the laws and direction of a life which is superior to the life of the personality. He seeks primarily a *qualitative* extension of his being.

The study of Theosophy does not lessen one's respect for a practical science enabling man to control his actions and reactions, and to modify the course of events in such a way as to increase his understanding of matter and his power of choice; but neither does the study of Theosophy lessen one's respect for the aspect of wisdom called contemplative. The Universe exists as a fact of experience, suggesting that both faculties—the active and the contemplative—are rooted in the nature of things, that both must exist to make a world.

Let us leave aside direct consideration of the questions whether a hierarch-

ical order exists in nature, whether Reality is graduated and unequally distributed among beings, whether there are stages or planes of being at varying distances from a divine and ultimate Centre, at once the cause and end of all created things. Such is the view of being, presented by the great contemplatives of all ages, and it is significant that all great men of action have conducted their operations on the assumption that this view is correct, whatever may have been their doctrinal theories. The universe may not be hierarchical, but a modern corporation is a more convincing demonstration of the hierarchical principle than the most elaborate argument of a Neoplatonist. But let us pass by these abstract considerations and consider a simple phenomenon of nature, the growth of a plant from a seed.

This growth signifies an extension of existence in two "dimensions" which may be characterized as "quantitative" and "qualitative." There takes place in the plant a quantitative accretion of similar elements, a cumulative action within the limits of space and time, such as occurs in the enlargement of a crystal. But the seed also contains in some most mysterious way the essence of a form or of a series of forms, with which the expanding life of the plant invests itself. Because of the potencies contained within the seed and because of the action of the life-principle upon those potencies, it becomes possible for the plant to change not only the quantity of its "experience" but the quality as well. Creation, real evolution, can take place; and the process whereby the potential form of the plant is externalized and made visible, is akin to that which the old philosophers have called "contemplation." For what is contemplation, if not an effort of the personal consciousness to identify its purposes with the purposes of a more perfect consciousness which exists within the personality, just as the essence of the future visible form of the plant exists in the seed?

The consciousness, with which the contemplative seeks identification, has been called more perfect, because those who have experienced it describe it as more intense, more potent, more real. The disinterested and selfless love, known by the mystic, appears to him more real than the normal self-centred emotions of the average man, in the same sense that the perception of an actual physical object appears more real, more vivid, more self-evident than a memory-image of the same object.

Professor Dewey speaks much of the creative powers of the mind; but it is difficult to see how the desire for the enrichment and intensification of personal life in its present form can ever lead to anything but a hardening of the consciousness, an attachment of the intelligence to certain forms of past experience; for the human personality is not a creator: it desires only to re-live its life under happier auspices. Real creation consists in the emergence of personal consciousness into zones of experience which it has not hitherto traversed; and that emergence is only made possible when the self turns in contemplation to that which is greater than self. If Professor Dewey's theories be correct, evolution is an anomaly and can only be explained as a product of chance.

This brings us to consideration of Professor Dewey's view of cosmic nature, a view which is intended to justify his ethical doctrines. He admits that it is the supreme mystery that beings should exist; but the mystery for him seems to be confined to the fact that there is existence; he refuses to consider as significant the equally marvellous mystery that things actually exist in rational sequences, in a certain causal relation to one another. Since he conceives that the human mind alone inserts meanings into the colourless flux of events, it would obviously be inconsistent for him to regard cosmic nature *per se* as meaning anything at all. It is true that he makes no division between man and nature. Nature achieves meaning, when the human mind achieves meaning, because the human mind is a part of nature. This, however, implies a literal creation of something from nothing, the sudden appearance of a thing which has had no antecedents. There is no place for the idea that potentiality must precede manifestation, that everything must exist as seed before it exists as completed entity. "The union of past and future with the present manifest in every awareness of meanings is a mystery only when consciousness is gratuitously divided from nature, and when nature is denied temporal and historic quality (pp. 352–353)." The mystery is resolved for him by considering it as a "comment written by natural events on their own direction and tendency and a surmise of whither they are leading"; but he seems unable to conceive of this meaning as having any existence before Nature becomes self-conscious in some individual human mind.

This is a large assumption, for it disregards the possible existence of minds superior to the human, and of states of consciousness as much above those of our personalities as our personalities are above the levels of animal and vegetable life. When the Platonists asserted that the human mind is essentially one with the divine mind, they did not mean that the thought of God has the same limitations as the thought of man. Rather, they meant that both minds operate in conformity with the same laws, so that human thought by contemplation of the divine may *create* images which reflect faithfully some aspects of the divine. The human mind discovers meanings in nature, because other minds, which are divine by comparison with the human, communicate those meanings to man. It is a curious modern notion, shared even by M. Bergson, that creation takes place somehow in the void. *Nihil ex nihilo.* To create is to realize personally a truth which has always been.

It is natural, therefore, that Professor Dewey should regard chance as a real factor in evolution. That notion is the logical accompaniment of the idea that Nature is not a Cosmos. Also, it flatters the fancy that we can modify without limits the course of events. It is a further logical extension of democratic principles to metaphysics.

He emphasizes the uncertain character of the world, by which he must mean the world of personal hopes and fears. "Our magical safeguard is to deny the existence of chance, to mumble universal and necessary law, the ubiquity of cause and effect (p. 44)." "If we follow classical terminology, philosophy is love of wisdom, while metaphysics is cognizance of the generic

traits of existence. In this sense of metaphysics, incompleteness and precariousness is a trait which must be given footing of the same rank as the finished and fixed (p. 51)."

It is, of course, a fact of experience that our best-laid plans are often defeated by what seems to be accident, the hazard of circumstances; and if we identify ourselves with our personal hopes, we shall be unwilling to admit that what seemed to be chance may have been an inexorable natural law operative on the moral plane.

Spinoza suggests that God alone is free because His actions are determined by His own nature, whereas at the opposite pole of being all things are bound because their actions are externally determined: a cannon ball does not project itself into space; it is projected. Between these two states of complete liberty and complete bondage there exists, as in human nature, a mixture of the free and the limited, of Divinity and matter.

Man may be said to exercise free-will, whenever he chooses the plane on which he would live. Once made, the choice brings him under the inexorable laws of causation on that plane. I am free to commit a murder, but I cannot escape the consequences, especially the consequences to my own consciousness.

The East has long recognized this adjustment of human freedom to cosmic necessity, and has called it Karma; but Karma is more than adjustment. It is said to make clear to its subject the way of his future liberation; it is the revelation of the divine purpose of the Soul.

The problem of apparent hazard in the world must be solved, if at all, on the aristocratic principle that the Law of the Universe is administered without fear or favour. Perhaps, that suggests a reason why a democratic philosopher prefers to regard the problem as unsolvable. However, in a Universe which may be upset at any moment by chance, there is no excuse for being a philosopher, even a democratic one.

Professor Dewey's book reveals, in a series of metaphysical pictures, the tendency, so prevalent in the arts and sciences of to-day, to exalt the "personality" with its little hopes and fears and its little dreams about the nature of the great Universe. Professor Dewey has glorified the materialistic optimism of the man in the street, while trying to subject the whole of Nature to the uncertainties of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

Many would deny that they shared Professor Dewey's conclusions. It is easy to deny verbally or mentally. It is not so easy to *act* as if one believed these conclusions to be false. As we suggested at the beginning of this article, Professor Dewey has only given a sympathetic conscious expression to certain subconscious or semi-conscious thoughts and desires which are the real motives of much human action and which, therefore, represent, to the extent of each man's participation in them, the things in which he really believes.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

JULIANA OF NORWICH

IN the ancient Church of St. Julian's, in Norwich, there may yet be seen the traces of an anchorage where lived, in the fourteenth century, the Lady Juliana, whose spiritual experiences have been written down in the *Revelations of Divine Love*.[1] Little is known of her life, beyond the few biographical details which she herself gives. There is a tradition that she was connected with the Benedictine Abbey at Carrow, just outside of Norwich; it is thought that she was educated there, and she may afterwards have taken vows as a nun. She then retired to the anchorage at St. Julian's, which was built on the south-east side of the church, and was perhaps large enough to provide two rooms, one for the anchoress and one for her maid. The outer window looked out over what was probably open country, in the direction of Carrow; now it is built over, with poor houses and mean streets. The city of Norwich has, since earliest times, been an important centre in East Anglia; it is famous for its fine cathedral and innumerable old churches. It was very prosperous during the fourteenth century, on account of the wool trade with Flanders, but afterwards suffered severely from the ravages of the Black Death.

The details of the life of Juliana, recorded by herself, can be given in a few words. She had desired three gifts of God: "mind of His Passion," "bodily sickness in youth, at thirty years of age," and, lastly, God's gift of three wounds—contrition, compassion, and steadfast longing for God. In May, 1373, when she was thirty, she had an illness which brought her to the point of death; she thought it sorrow to die, being yet in youth, but had no dread of death. She kept her eyes fixed on the Crucifix, and as she recalled her desire for a "mind of His Passion," she had a vision of Christ, crowned with thorns. There followed a series of "Shewings" or Revelations, fifteen in number, lasting from 4 A.M. till 9 P.M. on one day. She was still very ill, and during the night she began to doubt the truth of her visions, declaring that "she had raved." Thereafter she had a fearful vision of a Fiend, but "anon all vanished away and I was brought to great rest and peace"; she received a clear assurance that her visions were not delusions. The sixteenth and final Revelation was given that same night, "a delectable sight and a restful Shewing." In after life she had no further visions; she completely recovered from her illness, and the teaching of the "Shewings" was continued and elaborated for a period of twenty years or more, when it was written down or dictated by Juliana. There exists a fifteenth-century manuscript, with a short account of the Revelations, and a sixteenth-century manuscript, in a fuller form, showing what she acquired later by meditation. She declares that "when

[1] *Revelations of Divine Love*, edited by Grace Warrack.

the Shewing which is given in a time is passed and hid, then the faith keepeth it, by grace of the Holy Ghost, unto our life's end."

The anchoress lived to be at least seventy years of age, for it was known that she was alive in 1413. No further details are recorded of her outer life, which must have been entirely uneventful,—a life modelled, perhaps, according to the directions suggested in the "Ancren Riwle." Her inner life is partly revealed in her writings, which are a remarkable record of spiritual experience, written down with so great calmness and precision, that the reader is convinced that the "Shewings" are not mere hallucinations of a delirious mind. Juliana speaks of herself as a simple creature, unskilled in letters, but this description need not be taken too literally, for during the years following her sickness, she must have spent much time in reading and study. Her writings show that she had been thoroughly instructed in the teachings of her Church, that she had an intimate knowledge of spiritual books, in particular of the epistles of St. Paul, and had perhaps read widely in the literature of her time and the lives of the Saints. She reveals a kinship of soul with the mystics of all times, and her writings belong to the "golden age of mysticism, in England," though it is probable that she had not seen the writings of any of her contemporaries, such as Richard Rolle or Walter Hilton. Her style is vivid, and she frequently thinks in pictures—such pictures as might be suggested by the illuminations in a psalter, or the paintings in a church. She shows in her writings a joyful nature, an ardent love for her Master, and a singular depth of insight and intellectual perception, combined with a profound philosophy of life.

Juliana declares that the teachings of her Lord were given in three ways: (1) by bodily sight; (2) "by word formed in mine understanding"; (3) by spiritual sight. In the first manner she had vivid glimpses of the sufferings of Christ, of his thorn-crowned head, of the scourging of his "sweet body." Juliana's special method of instruction is given in her summary of the first "Shewing," of his "precious crowning with thorns, and therewith was comprehended and specified the Trinity, with the Incarnation, and unity betwixt God and man's Soul; with many fair Shewings of endless wisdom and teachings of love, in which all the Shewings that follow be grounded and oned." The visions granted to her always led to an unfolding of spiritual truth and were perhaps only valuable in so far as they revealed the treasures of wisdom hidden in Christ, and led their recipient to greater devotion, and the sacrifice of herself in the service of her Lord, thus serving the whole purpose of symbolism,—to provide a window opening onto the illimitable Beyond. There are many examples, throughout the book, of the second manner of teaching; once, when she was feeling intensely the sufferings of Christ, and wondering if ever pain were like to his, she was answered, in her reason: "Hell is another pain, for there is despair. But of all pains that lead to salvation this is the most pain, to see thy Love suffer." In this manner she also had understanding of suffering, or of truth, though no definite words were spoken, as when she was given some insight into the sufferings of the mother of Christ.

Juliana has also left record of the third manner of teaching, by spiritual sight. "After this I saw God in a Point . . . by which sight I saw that He is in all things." One is reminded of Jacob Boehme focussing attention onto a bright disk, and seeing therein the vision of all Creation. On another occasion her Lord led forth her understanding into the wound in his side, showing therein a place of rest and peace for all mankind, "and with the sweet beholding he shewed his blessed Heart even cloven in two." In the last of the "Shewings" she writes: "Our Lord opened my spiritual eye and shewed me my Soul in midst of my heart. I saw the Soul so large as it were an endless world, and as it were a blissful Kingdom. . . . In the midst of that City sitteth our Lord Jesus, God and man . . . and worshipfully he sitteth in the Soul, even-right in peace and rest. And the Godhead ruleth and sustaineth heaven and earth and all that is,—sovereign Might, sovereign Wisdom, and sovereign Goodness,—but the place that Jesus taketh in our Soul he shall never remove it, without end, as to my sight: for in us is his homeliest home and his endless dwelling."

One of the interesting aspects of Juliana's method is the use she makes of number; she often states her points by number, and for her the perfect number is the Trinity, in which all Being is contained. The designation of the Godhead in terms of Might, Wisdom, Love, recalls the teaching of the schoolmen, such as Abelard, Aquinas, and others; it corresponds to the Platonic philosophy of the Good, the True, the Beautiful, which influenced many Christian thinkers. Indeed, much of Juliana's writings recalls the philosophy of Plato, especially in her conception of Love which reaches through created things to union with Absolute Reality, which is God. The Spirit alone, she considers, has existence of itself, and is the supreme Doer. In this her thought is akin to Oriental teaching, and many of her words recall passages from the *Bhagavad Gita* and other Eastern books, so that a study of her writings serves to emphasize the universality of Truth, and the identity of religious experience, whether seen through Oriental scripture, or Platonic philosophy, or the writings of the Christian mystics. In the third Revelation, in which she sees God in a Point, He declares to her: "See! I am God: see! I am in all thing: see! I do all thing: see! I never lift mine hands off my works, nor ever shall, without end: see! I lead all thing to the end I ordained it to, from the beginning . . . How should any thing be amiss?" Juliana is exact in her definition of terms, and frequently dwells on the meaning of one word, or phrase, as providing a subject for continuous meditation.

She understands that there was a two-fold purpose in her receiving instruction through special Revelation,—first, to enlighten her, and afterwards to give light to others: "In all this I was greatly stirred in charity to mine even-Christians, that they might see and know the same that I saw." She does not desire to draw any attention to the special favours granted to her, and begs men to leave the beholding of a "poor creature" and to turn wholly to considering the goodness of God. Throughout her writings she shows herself most humble, and abounding in gratitude to her "courteous Lord." The

Love of God is the mainspring of her life, and she realizes that the test of right receiving is an increase of love for God and for her fellow-men. Her solitary life did not create any sense of separateness from others, and she frequently emphasizes the unity that exists between all followers of Christ: "In the general Body I am, I hope, in oneness of charity with all mine even-Christians. For in this oneness standeth the life of all mankind that shall be saved." One incident reveals the warmth of her human tenderness and sympathy: "I desired to learn assuredly as to a certain creature that I loved, if it should continue in good living which I hoped by the grace of God was begun." She is given to understand that it is not for her to desire particular knowledge, for her own satisfaction, but rather to learn that all teaching is to be taken generally, to gain spiritual understanding. Her confidence and trust are entirely grounded in her Master, who had once declared to her a blessed word: "I keep thee full surely." The saints and mystics were ever on their guard against delusions, and did not readily believe in visions or supernormal experiences, unless they were confirmed by an inner conviction that could stand any trial. Walter Hilton writes, in the *Scale of Perfection*, that the test of the reality of a spiritual experience is (1) greater love for God, (2) greater love for our fellow-men, (3) an increase of humility. The study of the writings of Juliana shows that the "Revelations" would bear this threefold test.

Juliana's vocation is the love of God and the worship of God, in and through her Master, Christ. She sums up her duty in three words, to seek, suffer, and trust; in all her inner trials and anguish she could always rejoice in him. In the sixth Revelation her Lord says to her: "I thank thee for thy travail, and especially for thy youth." Perhaps she understood that the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to those who, having become children in heart, have drunk of the waters of Eternal Youth. At times she realized that Heaven is a state of Consciousness which may be attained while the soul is yet on earth: "God willeth that we should understand and hold by faith that we are more verily in heaven than in earth." In a time of anguish she exclaimed: "Thou art my Heaven, me liked no other Heaven than Jesus, which shall be my bliss when I come there," and afterwards she stated: "This hath ever been a comfort to me that I chose Jesus to my Heaven, by his grace, in all time of Passion and sorrow." Her ardent love for her Master brought to mind continually the thought of his Passion, and she described his sufferings vividly, as she saw them. Especially was she concerned with his words, "I thirst," understanding the anguish of his bodily thirst, and the greatness of his spiritual thirst for the souls of men. But ever beyond the suffering she saw the joy that shall be revealed, and he said to her, as to others of his friends: "It is a joy and bliss and endless pleasing to me that ever I suffered Passion for thee, and if I might suffer more, I would suffer more." The intensity of his sufferings caused her so great anguish, that she confessed if she had known beforehand what such realization meant, she would have been reluctant to pray for it; afterwards she realized that this was "reluctance and frailty of the flesh, without assent of the soul." She found three subjects for medita-

tion, in his Passion:—the greatness of his sufferings, the Love that caused him to suffer, and the joy he had in suffering for all mankind.

Juliana was constantly perplexed by the problem of sin and evil,—the problem that has confronted philosophers and mystics since time immemorial. She contemplated the Might, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, and sought to understand the origin of evil. Her first explanation is that sin has no existence in the Absolute Reality: "Sin is no deed . . . I believe it hath no manner of substance nor part of being, nor could it be known but by the pain it is cause of." This is followed by an assurance from her Lord that: "It behoved that there should be sin, but all shall be well." She writes: "These words were said full tenderly, showing no manner of blame to me nor to any that shall be saved. . . . And in these words I saw a marvellous high mystery hid in God, which mystery shall He make known to us in Heaven." But she is ever grieved that sin should be the cause of his Passion, that our souls should be redeemed at the price of his sufferings. In the East, the great redemptive work is referred to as the "Guardian Wall, built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind." Perhaps Juliana received secret teaching concerning the fall of man and the Redemption,—truths known to students of Theosophy as evolution and involution, the descent of spirit into matter and the return to the parent Spirit. She hints at the fact that there are two parts of Truth, one open and the other hid, and she declares that: "Every Shewing is full of secret things." Students of Theosophy might think that, had Juliana received knowledge of the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, she might have been saved from many perplexities. Yet, through the Revelations, she received much light concerning God's high mysteries, and it is not impossible that she received far more instruction than she ever recorded in writing. This much she understood and expressed, that sin could be used to teach us, and that the pain which was the result of sin was salutary discipline to the soul. She has a curious expression: "In Heaven, the token of sin is turned to worship." She must have understood something of the burden of the sins of mankind, but to her, personally, sin could be reduced to two headings: impatience or sloth, which has also been termed "inertia," and despair or doubtful dread. Those were two temptations which might assail the inner life of an anchoress such as Juliana, whose outer life was pure and holy. Sin is a sharp scourge to the soul, and the wounds dealt by sin can only be healed by contrition, compassion, and longing for God. "A kind (filial) soul hath no hell but sin," which is grievous on its own account, and because of the resulting blindness which obscures the Light of God.

In order further to teach her, her Master sent her a vision, which was also a parable, of a Lord and a Servant. The allegory, which is described in great detail, is a marvellous piece of symbolism, and a profound study of the law of correspondence. The Servant, who is intent on his Master's work, and falls into grievous pain, typifies both Adam, "all-man," and Christ, the Son of God. Juliana, following St. Paul, often refers to Christ as the Head, and to

us as his members; she asserts that "Jesus is all that shall be saved, and all that shall be saved is Jesus." She did not fully understand the meaning of the parable, which contained, perhaps, teaching concerning the mystery of free-will, and the spiritual rebirth of the Soul. "Like as we were like-made to the Trinity in our first making, our Maker would that we should be like Jesus-Christ Our Saviour,—by virtue of our again-making." The higher nature of man she sees as two-fold: Substance, by which she means Spirit, and Sense-Soul, perhaps the psychic nature which must be purified and turned wholly to the service of the Christ. Our nature—incomplete in itself—is completed in Christ, whereby the duality, which is imperfect, becomes a Trinity. She declares: "We may never come to the full knowing of God till we know first clearly our own Soul," thereby echoing the age-old teaching, "Know thyself." She writes: "God is nearer to us than our own Soul: for He is the Ground in whom our Soul standeth, and He is the Mean that keepeth the Substance and the Sense-Soul together . . . and our Soul is kindly rooted in God in endless love."

In prayer, Juliana's whole attention is focussed on the goodness of God, which she describes as the "highest prayer, and it cometh down to the lowest part of our need." The Love of God, at work in all creation, and in the souls of men, is her constant subject of meditation. "Our natural Will is to have God, and the Good Will of God is to have us . . . and then we may no more desire." She understands both the immanence of the Divine, and the transcendence of Spirit: "Our Soul is made to be God's dwelling-place, and the dwelling-place of the soul is God, which is unmade." Her Master is ever the centre of her prayer, and he has declared to her: "I am the Ground of thy beseeching." Further instruction teaches her to pray inwardly, pray continually, and to remember that thanksgiving and praise are a great part of prayer. Juliana does not, like St. Theresa and some of the later mystics, analyse states of prayer and meditation. In that, she shows a fundamental difference in outlook between the mediæval mystics and those who lived during or after the religious tumults of the sixteenth century. In early times, the saints or mystics were not given to detailed analysis of spiritual conditions or experiences; they received such experience with humility or rejoicing, and turned their thoughts ever to the goodness of God and the love of Christ. After the close of the fifteenth century, men became more absorbed in what may be termed the technique of religious experience; they became more introspective and began to analyse and classify degrees of spiritual consciousness. These two methods of thought, the analytic and the synthetic, can be seen in operation in all the great religions and philosophies of the world. Both methods are useful in arriving at Truth; each is incomplete without the other. In these days, when the emphasis is constantly on the analysis and classification of mental concepts, it is somewhat of a relief to turn to the simpler method of some of the mediæval thinkers, with their childlike acceptance of spiritual fact. Juliana does recognize that, beyond her usual forms of prayer, there is a "high unperceivable prayer," in which all attention is taken up

with the beholding of God. Then faith is merged in sight, and knowledge of God has become the possession of God, through the medium of the five inner senses, which Juliana mentions. In that condition the mystic is upheld by a special grace of God, according as it is "profitable for the time."

Juliana finds that all spiritual experience is exemplified in the life of Christ; he is our Way and it is in and through him that mankind will reach the Crown of Life. She meditates frequently on his words "I it am, I it am, I it am . . . that thou lovest," and she knows that the desire of her soul can never be satisfied apart from him: "I saw him and sought him; and I had him, I wanted him, out of whom we be all come, in whom we be all enclosed, unto whom we shall all wend." To her, the noblest work in creation is mankind, seen in its fullest Substance in the "blessed Soul of Christ"; she understands that it is in and through incarnate life that the soul of man may reach its highest perfection, "our soul with our body, and our body with our soul, either of them taking help of other." She marvels at the depth of his love and tenderness, which may not be broken by our trespass, which ever calls to her: "My beloved, I am glad thou art come to me; in all thy woe I have ever been with thee." She can find no higher terms to express the loving relation between Christ and the soul, than in speaking of it in terms of motherhood. Some have written of Christ as their Teacher, others as Spouse, others as Friend, but Juliana finds that only by the term Mother can she express the tenderness of his love: "The fair lovely word Mother it is so sweet and so close in Nature of itself that it may not verily be said of none but him." She enlarges on this beautiful theme, and shows how the soul returns to him as a child to its mother. At other times she speaks of him as her Lord, and marvels that he is ever so "homely" and courteous and loving.

Throughout all the "Revelations" we are made to feel that the love of our fellow-men is inseparable from the love of God. Her heart overflows with charity to all men, and she feels deeply the love that unites all in Christ, the binding tie of true Brotherhood: "And then I saw that each kind compassion that man hath on his even-Christians with charity, it is Christ in him." The graces granted to her serve only to increase her humility and distrust of self, and her complete reliance on God: "Some of us believe that God is Almighty and may do all, and that He is All-Wisdom and can do all; but that he is All-Love and will do all, there we stop short." It has been stated, by theologians, that supernormal experience is not essential to the union of the soul with God, and that some of the saints, who are not usually regarded as mystics, achieve union by the practice of faith, hope and charity, in a high degree. Juliana also has understood this, and declares that "in faith, with hope and charity, our life is grounded." All of her "Revelations" show the triumph of faith over merely human reason; she thinks that when the light of faith seems dim, it is because it is obscured by our own sin and blindness. The properties of the Godhead are Life, Love and Light, and it is by the light of faith that we apprehend God. Her hope is ever rooted and grounded in Christ, and love comprehends all. Many years after she had received the

visions, she still desired to learn her Lord's meaning, and this was the answer: "Would'st thou learn thy Lord's meaning? Learn it well: Love was his meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed he thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it he? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same."

Juliana has been described as "theodidacta, profunda, ecstatica"; another commentator, who dwells rather on her apostolic work, thinks that "evangelica" would more truly describe her. She has been generally accepted as a mystic, but the word "mystic" has been gravely misunderstood in the present day, and it is necessary to define the term. It is, in reality, a state of spiritual consciousness, but the term has been misapplied, so as to cover all varieties of psychic experience, and this has led to great confusion of thought. "Mysticism" is used in the sense of mere curiosity about the supernormal, or in reference to dangerous practices in the effort to obtain startling phenomena. The true meaning of the word is both more simple and more profound. Among the many descriptions of mysticism, perhaps the one that comes nearest the truth is that it is an "élan vital" of the soul, towards reality, and the way of union with the Absolute. It is akin, in its meaning and its implications, to the Oriental term Yoga. Supernormal experiences, visions, revelations, are not a necessary part of the experience of the mystic; when present there is need of much discernment to know the true from the false, for delusions are of frequent occurrence and are sometimes found allied to the highest spiritual experience. A recent commentator[2] has endeavoured to define the experiences of Juliana in the latest terms of psychoanalysis, combining his singular and tortuous theories with a real appreciation of the "Revelations." He suggests that the difference between the mystical life and that of an ordinary Christian, is a difference of route, not of goal. The mystic has deliberately chosen a steep and arduous path, which leads, over jagged rocks, to the shining mountain summits. "The more thou dost advance, the more thy feet pitfalls will meet. The Path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire—the light of daring, burning in the heart." Those who represent the "mystical way" as easy and pleasant, have misunderstood the term. Many societies have come into existence which claim to reward their adherents, at little cost, with experience of the heights of "mystic bliss"; popular literature is circulated, claiming to "dispel the mists from mysticism," or to "explain the mysteries of life." Those who believe that all spiritual experience is from within, that knowledge can only be obtained at the cost of arduous effort, will understand the fallacy of these assertions. But the very popularity of such literature and of such societies shows that the world to-day is keenly alive to the presence of unseen realities and unseen powers. Words and terms are now commonly accepted which were scarcely in existence fifty years ago, and the world as a whole is craving for the truth that lies behind the words, for the reality that is often obscured by the mists of psychic emotion. Those

[2] *The Lady Julian;* Thouless.

who give their lives to the pursuit of truth have become the pioneers of the race; they are ever at work in the harvest fields of the world, desiring "to sow that seed the fruit of which shall feed the world." As of old, the harvest is plenteous and the labourers few.

The reality that lies behind the term "mystic," is not easily described or put into words. In the Greek Mysteries, there were three degrees of "learners": (1) ἀκουστίκοι, those who listened to the teachings given; (2) ἀσκητάι, those who practised what had been learnt; (3) μύσται, those Initiated. For the first and second degree, the corresponding Oriental terms are Shravaka and Shramanas. The final Initiations were never revealed, but we may suppose that, out of many aspirants, few reached the highest degree of Initiation, or only after trials extending through successive incarnations. "Great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity." The Mystic, in the true sense, is moving toward the threshold. The most profound admirers of Christian mystics would be the last to claim, for them, the high and holy title of Initiate. But, for want of a better term, we are justified in using the word "mystic" in its lesser significance, provided that we do not lose sight of the reality beyond. In days of old, men learnt the meaning of reverence for things holy, and practised right reticence in regard to things sacred, which are too often profaned, in our day, by too great familiarity. It was recognized that the writings of the mystics might not be suitable reading for all kinds of men, nor would they appeal equally to every type of temperament or mentality. In an early manuscript of the "Revelations" of Juliana, the devout scribe has added a warning postscript: "I pray Almyty God that this booke com not but to the hands of them that will be his faithfull lovers . . . ffor this Revelation is hey (high) Divinitye and hey (high) wisdom. . . . And thou to whom this booke shall come, thank heyley (highly) and hertily our Saviour Christ Jesu that He made these shewings and revelations, for thee, and to thee, of His endless love, mercy and goodnes for thine and our save guide, to conduct to everlastying bliss: the which Jesu mot grant us. Amen."

S. C.

To regret one's own experience is to arrest one's own development.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE "UTTER LONELINESS" OF MASTERS

POUNDERBY sat in silence. He felt restless under a growing sense of irritation. Irritation was rapidly approaching intolerance. He knew this to be wrong in a member of the T. S. He recalled its one and only dogma—unfailing tolerance of the opinions of others. He had failed in an attempt to expound Theosophy. More especially had he failed in an endeavour to defend Madame Blavatsky. His own studies had made him recognize not only his own personal debt, but the debt of the world to that valorous and indomitable Messenger. It would have been disloyal, even dishonourable, to have failed at least to endeavour to meet those debts.

Pounderby was the guest of his brother at a club. Scientists of international repute lunch there. At the long table there was delightful informality and an unguarded exchange of opinions. The discussion had been running on chemistry, physics, biology, and astronomy, and, of course, on evolution. Pounderby had been impressed, he had been increasingly impressed by the entire ignorance of these learned men in regard to the teachings of Theosophy. He realized how they should welcome, especially, those made available through Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and in the letters from Masters published in the early annals of the Society. The scientists, regardless of fields of concentration, had each shown recognition that all came up against a blank wall. Not one of them, however, seemed to know or to care anything about the portal opened by Theosophy, nor the gift to the world in its literature.

One of the greatest of chemists, internationally famous, brought up a point as inexplicable. Pounderby remembered that it had been rather distinctly elucidated in the *Secret Doctrine*. He made some reference to Madame Blavatsky's writing on the point. The answer was: "Madame Blavatsky—ah, yes—I have not heard that name since I was a boy; a most amusing person, as I recall, ranking with Cagliostro, St. Germain, and other great charlatans in the world." Then the chemist turned, both literally and figuratively, away. He was inherently indifferent to even a possibility that there might be truth in what she wrote. Later Pounderby ventured to ask the great chemist on what basis he rested his evident faith in the hypothesis that a single atom contains dynamic power approximately equivalent to one and a half million horsepower. The chemist said that two or three men, whom he named, had made experiments on the amount of heat released by the discharge of the alpha particles of radium. From these experiments certain deductions had been made. Science accepted them. Scientists had come to believe in the extraordinary amount of force available even in a single atom. Pounderby politely suggested that this seemed rather slight evidence, when compared with that

in behalf of latent forces in nature and in man, and with the evidence sustaining certain theories of matter held by a great many people. The scientist smiled in most kindly fashion and said, with utmost simplicity and a finality of manner that made further discussion impossible: "Ah, yes, but our men used scientific methods."

Pounderby felt unable any longer to stand the pressure without loss of temper. He turned to his brother to ask if he might go to the library to write a necessary note. He excused himself. He went to the library and wrote his note. He did not return to the luncheon table. He sat almost glowering in manner and mind. Here was a group of men whose devotion met, rather fully, one-half of the Master K. H.'s test of unselfishness, without "a shadow of a desire for any self-benefit or any tendency to do injustice." He felt that they failed to meet the latter test because they were so unjust to Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, their Masters, and their chêlas. Yet some of the remarks that had been dropped, some of the implications in what had been said, showed that these men not merely hungered for the advance of science, but thirsted for the "possibility" of faith in things spiritual. Pounderby longed for means and power to make available in the universities and laboratories copies of the *Secret Doctrine*, with its extraordinary hints in the later eighties of what science now-a-days almost week by week is proclaiming as astounding discoveries. More especially did he recall the aids to the adventurer in sincere search of faith in things spiritual. Pounderby also recalled the more recent book, *The Mahatma Letters*. They too had left him filled with reverence for the character of Masters. More than that—the *Letters* had confirmed the *Secret Doctrine* and other literature in giving him an awed respect for Masters' scientific knowledge. Yet here were self-dedicated students of science turning from available guidance, which they needed and which they should welcome, yet rejected.

"Why is it," Pounderby thought, "that men will give, on the testimony of two or three investigators, a perfectly extraordinary miracle of ready belief to the existence of one and a half million horse-power within a single atom, so that every single hair in my eye-brows possesses infinitely more latent power than the entire physical power that man has produced since the beginning of time; yet they reject Theosophy, and reject all that they could find, if they cared to take, in the teachings of the Masters, including the Master they have heard of from infancy,—Jesus of Nazareth!"

Pounderby meditated on this. It occurred to him that the reason why men accept a belief in a fairy-tale that out-tells all the fairy-tales ever written, and reject the evidence of hundreds and thousands of men and women to the reality of the spiritual life, rests on the fact that no one has to do anything personal as a result of believing in the virtual omnipotence of a grain of dust, from the incredible power of its component atoms. On the other hand, even a tentative recognition of the spiritual world must force people "to do something about it." The one belief was not incompatible with love of comfort; the other was destructive to the hot-house life of the present day.

Measuring his own life, Pounderby recognized that, with all the privileges he had had, he himself had done so little. Sadness tended towards self-pity. He braced himself inwardly. He renewed his determination to turn more fervently to the practice of personal faith in what Theosophy unfolds. Again he longed to find the Path. What should he do to find it? Back into memory came a story: he had heard of a would-be disciple, who had turned to one far advanced in the Law and lore, with a plea for a key. Pounderby remembered the reputed answer: "Think of the infinite sadness of Masters' utter loneliness; think of the infinite need for Masters' work in the world; think of the infinite joy that lies in Masters' service; think of these; dwell upon them; make them your own; and—do something about it."

"The triple key to Heaven," the learner had called this. Pounderby began to think about it. It took little intelligence to see the "need"—that was obvious. He also knew well how all saints and chêlas had found their unmistakable, even if unspeakable, happiness in their Master's service. There flashed back into memory that quatrain, "Power," written by Emerson in 1860, which he had just rediscovered:

> "His tongue was framed to music,
> And his hand was armed with skill,
> His face was the mould of beauty,
> And his heart the throne of will."

"What nonsense," he thought, as suddenly the words "utter loneliness of Masters," which he had passed over, seemed to stand out. "How can a Master be lonely when he has had such great love from his disciples, past and present?" Then he remembered his own recent indignation. What was at the bottom of it? Did he want anything for himself? Was it not a longing that these men, so much more competent than he, men who could so greatly help the world, did they but use what Theosophy made available, should take what was offered them? Had he not felt lonely at that point?

Then he thought of that former partner of his—dead these twenty-five years—and of how his heart still ached for that "brilliant Athenian," as he was called in days of promise, who had thrown away morals and honour—finally a then worthless life. Was he, Pounderby, not still "lonely" for the friend who might have been?

He turned in his chair to the table—anxious to get rid of the ceaseless pain of "If only I had known enough to have been better, I might have saved him." A yellow cloth book, with a familiar drawing by Frost of a "cheeky" urchin of the nineties, lay there. It was *Gallegher and Other Stories*, by Richard Harding Davis. Pounderby remembered the stir the stories had made, a third of a century before, when they came out in *Scribner's*. He picked up the book and skimmed through its pages. His eye rested on the story, "There Were Ninety and Nine." At the top of a page he read: "But you, Cecil, though you have made my heart ache until I thought and even hoped it would stop

beating, and though you have given me many, many nights that I could not sleep, are still dearer to me than anything else in the world. You are the flesh of my flesh and the bone of my bone, and I cannot bear living on without you. I cannot be at rest here, or look forward contentedly to a rest hereafter, unless you are by me and hear me, unless I can see your face and touch you and hear you laugh in the halls."

Pounderby turned back to refresh his memory. Yes, it had been the parable of the Prodigal Son that had softened the heart of the typical Victorian Tory Squire. The "ninety and nine" was from the parable of the Good Shepherd. Pounderby had sealed chambers in his heart dearer to him even than that in which his contrite memory of the partner of his dawning manhood was cloistered. He felt lonely for a cousin, another friend, a companion—yet, of each was it said: "Better dead." Then he thought of those words in the First Comment in *Light on the Path:*

"It does not imply any hardness of heart, or any indifference. It does not imply the exhaustion of sorrow, when the suffering soul seems powerless to suffer acutely any longer; it does not mean the deadness of old age, when emotion is becoming dull because the strings which vibrate to it are wearing out. None of these conditions are fit for a disciple, and if any one of them exist in him, it must be overcome before the path can be entered upon. Hardness of heart belongs to the selfish man, the egotist, to whom the gate is for ever closed. Indifference belongs to the fool and the false philosopher; those whose lukewarmness makes them mere puppets, not strong enough to face the realities of existence." And, later: "Now this sensibility does not lessen when the disciple enters upon his training; it increases. It is the first test of his strength; he must suffer, must enjoy or endure, more keenly than other men, while yet he has taken on him a duty which does not exist for other men, that of not allowing his suffering to shake him from his fixed purpose."

Pounderby covered his face with his hands. How could he doubt "the infinite sadness of the utter loneliness of a Master," so long as a single sheep be missing from his fold—and his sheep have choice where they shall be. Pounderby's Master would be "utterly lonely" until even he—the worthless Pounderby—had returned.

SERVETUS.

God is the light in discernment.—LÉON DAUDET.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

THREE PARABLES

THE three parables which follow, the stories of Raikva, Satyakama and Upakosala, have certain common characteristics. They have a quaintness, a freshness and sincerity as of an earlier world. They are fables in the technical sense, since in them beasts and birds and the sacrificial fires are endowed with the gift of speech and play a vital part in the dramatic movement of the plot. But they are fables with a spiritual purpose, and are therefore parables.

The three together make up most of the Fourth Part of *Chhandogya Upanishad*, as the Parable of the Sun, previously translated, takes up much of the Third Part. The First and Second Parts are largely given up to what, using a term from the *Secret Doctrine*, we should call Tables of Correspondences. These are based upon the musical notation of the Vedic hymns and the ways in which they were chanted. There are tables of three, then of five, and finally of seven correspondences. We may illustrate their general character by an example:

Opening	Spring	Sunrise	Breath
Praise	Summer	Forenoon	Speech
Chant	Rains	Midday	Eye
Response	Autumn	Afternoon	Ear
Closing	Winter	Sunset	Mind

These are later expanded to tables of seven. For example, the third is amplified by adding the periods before sunrise and after sunset. And the almost inevitable dryness and iteration of these tables is enlivened by stories, sentences of spiritual wisdom and occasional touches of humour, as in the story of the white dog and his companions, chanting together like so many priests, and invoking with the sacred syllable the Lord of beings, in order that He may give them food. It is not less reverent than the psalmist's picture of the Lord feeding the young ravens when they cry, but it has an added touch of mirth.

So we have good reason to hold that these earlier sections of our Upanishad are intended for the instruction of young disciples, students approaching the Sacred Science under the guidance of a Master or an older student. And we may well believe that the three parables are also intended for young disciples; two of them, indeed, are concerned with the experiences and trials of young disciples.

The first of the three parables introduces the strange, rugged figure of Raikva

of the cart, in sharp contrast with the wealthy and munificent Janashruti, who built rest-houses and distributed food. The evident purpose is, to paint an Aryan Diogenes, sheltered by a cart instead of a tub; to depict a sage without form or comeliness, somewhat like the beggar in the parable of Dives. Raikva foreshadows the Master described in the *Crest Jewel;* "Now as a madman, now a sage, now a glorious, great king, now a humble wanderer . . . though without riches, yet ever content . . . resting light-hearted in the forest or the burying-ground." The appearance of ferocity with which Raikva meets the attendant of Janashruti, and later Janashruti himself, has its exact equivalent in a modern description of one of the holy men hidden in dark mountain caves and trackless impenetrable forests: "Apparently—his behaviour will be that of a madman or an idiot, and he will talk unintelligible nonsense purposely to drive away the visitor." On this, a living Aryan Master comments: "Many of us would be mistaken for madmen."

Something like this seems to be the purpose of the rough figure of Raikva. Commenting on the sentence, "Where they seek a knower of the Eternal, seek him there," the commentary attributed to Shankaracharya says that the sages dwell "in the forests, or on islands in the rivers, or in remote places," a close parallel to the modern description just quoted; we hazard the suggestion that in such places there may be mosquitoes, whose presence would explain Raikva's occupation when the attendant of Janashruti finds him. But the evident intention is to make him rugged, even in a sense abject, conforming to the ideal and practice of Francis of Assisi.

It is amusing to note that the contemptuous name, "Shudra," which he gives to the noble and wealthy Janashruti, led to much serious discussion in later centuries, whose doctors held that a Shudra, a man of the Fourth Caste, could not rightly be instructed in the sacred learning. The doctors are careful to point out that the term must not be taken literally, that Janashruti, since he had a guard in attendance on him, must have been a Kshattriya, a man of the Warrior Caste.

Those who have read the story of Death and Nachiketas will find a close parallel between the gifts rejected and the gift accepted, in the one parable and the other. The father of Nachiketas vainly offers cattle; the deficiency is made up by the sacrifice of his son. So, when Janashruti's offering of cattle is contemptuously refused by Raikva, the rich man brings what he holds dearest in the world, his daughter. There is a point of symbolism in the number of the cattle, which, according to a convention in many sacred books, represent the senses, "the knowers of the field" of perception. The lesser number, whether four or six, represent only the outer, physical senses, with the lower mind correlating their perceptions; the ten, or ten hundred, represent the perfected powers, where the spiritual senses are added to the physical. There is probably a similar meaning in the *Book of Job*, where, after his trials and triumph, the number of his flocks and herds is doubled.

This brings us naturally to the parable of Satyakama, the "Lover of Truth," as his name signifies. Satyakama is sent forth, after he has been accepted as

a disciple, to tend a herd of cattle, with the understanding that he must not return until they number a thousand. Like the sages we have spoken of, he departs to the depths of the forest, to feed his herds. The evident meaning would seem to be that the disciple is set the task of developing his spiritual perceptions, in addition to his physical powers and mind; and that only after he has done this, can his Master initiate him.

The Sanskrit commentaries confirm the interpretation of this story as a parable of spiritual things. We are told that a Divinity entered the bull, in order to teach him. In general, the teaching given to Satyakama is a foreshadowing, appropriate for a young disciple, of the doctrine of the Four Steps of the Eternal, set forth in *Mandukya Upanishad*. These four steps are: natural body, subtile body, causal body, divine body, with the states or planes of consciousness corresponding to them. It is easy to see how the story of Satyakama and his four lessons, each divided into four, would prepare the way for this later, more mystical teaching, and make it more intelligible. We may, if we wish, identify his four teachers: the bull, as physical life; the fire, as the life of the subtile body, called the Radiant in the later Upanishad; the swan as the vesture of the adept; the cormorant, which disappears beneath the waters, as the body of the sage who has attained, and has withdrawn from the visible world.

Both this story and that of Upakosala carry forward the general teaching of the law of Correspondences, the framework in the latter story being supplied by the sacred fires which symbolize the spiritual forces in the successive vestures. So we find these spiritual powers saying, "We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches the Self, the Eternal."

The pathway of him who, thus illuminated, goes forth "from the flame to the day, from the day to the waxing moon," and so forth, is a symbol of the spiritual poles of the ascending series of planes, as contrasted with the material poles of these same planes, which are symbolized by the smoke, the night, the waning moon, and so on. We shall meet with this same symbol later.

One thought more. Through these parables of teaching imparted by the birds and the fires, there would seem to be the further purpose of laying stress on the lessons which must be learned direct from nature, from that spirit of beauty and mystery which breathes through nature, poignantly felt, never fully revealed. We have, perhaps, in these parables a foreshadowing of what an Aryan Master has said of the training of the disciple: "Fasting, meditation, chastity of thought, word, and deed; silence for certain periods of time to enable nature herself to speak to him who comes to her for information. . . ."

Or as it is said in *Light on the Path*, written down about the same time: "Inquire of the earth, the air, and the water, of the secrets they hold for you. The development of your inner senses will enable you to do this." If our interpretation be correct, the thousand cattle of the parable of Satyakama, corresponding to the ten powers of perception, five outer and five inner, are the equivalent of "the development of the inner senses."

There is an innocent and childlike spirit in these parables, well suited for

spiritual children. Yet they are genuine parts of the Upanishad. The simple melody rises to magnificent cadences:

"Beloved, thy face shines as the face of one who knows the Eternal. . . ."

"This Eternal they call the Uniter of Beauty. . . ."

"Those who go forward on that path return not. . . ."

Raikva of the Cart

Janashruti, verily, great-grandson of Janashruta, was a faithful giver, bestowing much, preparing much food. On all sides he caused rest-houses to be built, saying, "On all sides let them eat of my food!"

And so it befell that swans were flying over in the night. Then one swan addressed another swan, saying, "Ho! Ho! Dim-eyes, dim-eyes! The light of Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta is bright as day! Be not fascinated by it, lest, approaching, thou burn thyself!"

To him the other swan made answer, "Who is he, indeed, of whom thou speakest as though he were Raikva of the cart?"

"How is it, then, with Raikva of the cart?"

"As by the highest Krita throw of the dice the others are taken, so to Raikva comes whatever good thing creatures do; and this is true also for whoever knows what Raikva knows! Therefore I say this."

This Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta, overheard. In the morning, when he arose, he said to the attendant on guard, "Dost thou speak of me as equal to Raikva of the cart?"

"How is it, then, with Raikva of the cart?"

"As by the highest Krita throw of the dice the others are taken, so to Raikva comes whatever good thing creatures do; and this is true also for whoever knows what Raikva knows! Therefore I say this."

The attendant went forth and sought for Raikva, but returned, saying, "I found him not."

Janashruti said to him, "Where they seek a knower of the Eternal, seek him there!"

One sat beneath a cart scratching an itching skin. The attendant drew near to him and said, "Master, art thou Raikva of the cart?"

He affirmed, "I am he!"

So he returned, saying, "I have found him!"

Thereupon Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta, taking six hundred head of cattle, a necklace of gold and a chariot drawn by mules, went forth to where Raikva was and said to him, "Raikva, here are six hundred head of cattle, here is a necklace of gold, here is a chariot drawn by mules! Now, Master, instruct me as to the Bright Power,—that Bright Power which thou approachest!"

The other said, "Thine, O Shudra, be the necklace, the chariot and the cattle!"

Then Janashruti, great-grandson of Janashruta, went and came again, bring-

ing a thousand head of cattle, the necklace of gold, the chariot drawn by mules, and his daughter, and said to him, "Raikva, here are a thousand head of cattle, the necklace of gold, the chariot drawn by mules, this bride and the village in which thou sittest! Now, Master instruct me!"

Then Raikva, raising her face toward him said, "He has brought cattle! By this face alone thou wouldst make me speak!"

So the place is called Raikvaparna, in the country of the Mahavrishas, where he dwelt at his request. So Raikva said to him:

"Air, verily, is a receptacle; when Fire dies out, it enters into Air; when the Sun sets, it enters into Air; when the Moon sets, it enters into Air; when Water dries up, it enters into Air; Air, verily, receives them all; thus far of the outer Powers. So of the inner Powers; Life, verily, is a receptacle; when one sleeps, Voice enters into Life; Seeing enters into Life; Hearing enters into Life; Mind enters into Life; Life, verily, receives them all. So these two, verily, are receptacles; Air among the Powers, and Life among the Lives."

A Lover of Truth

Satyakama, verily, son of Jabala, addressed his mother Jabala, saying, "Lady, I would live the life of a disciple! To what family do I belong?"

She answered him, "I know not, son, of what family thou art. I went about much in my youth as a servant, and at that time thou wast born to me. I know not of what family thou art. But my name is Jabala and thou art Satyakama; say, then, that thou art Satyakama, son of Jabala!"

So he went to Haridrumata, of the Gotama family, and said to him, "I will become a disciple, Master! I will seek wisdom from thee as my Master!" He said to him, "Of what family art thou, beloved?"

He answered him, "I know not, Sir, of what family I am. I asked my mother, and she answered me, 'I went about much in my youth as a servant, and at that time thou wast born to me. I know not of what family thou art. But my name is Jabala and thou art Satyakama; say, then, that thou art Satyakama, son of Jabala.' Thus, Sir, I am Satyakama son of Jabala!"

He said to him, "None but a lover of the Eternal could speak thus openly! Bring kindling wood, beloved, for I will take thee as a disciple, since thou hast not swerved from the truth!"

After he had accepted him as his disciple, he chose out four hundred cattle, lean and ill-favoured, and said to him, "Tend these, beloved!"

As he drove them before him, he said, "I may not return until they number a thousand!" So he dwelt afar off for a series of years.

So, when they had reached the thousand, the bull said to him, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"We have reached the thousand, beloved; lead us to the home of the Teacher! And let me tell thee one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So he said to him, "East is one part. West is one part. South is one part.

North is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Shining. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Shining, becomes a Shining one in this world. Shining worlds he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Shining. Fire will tell thee one-fourth!"

So, when the morning came, he drove the cattle onward. Where the cattle were in the evening, he kindled a fire, penned the cattle, laid on fuel, and sat down on the West side of the fire, facing the East.

Then the fire said to him, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"Let me tell thee, beloved, one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So the fire said to him, "Earth is one part. Mid-space is one part. Heaven is one part. Ocean is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Unending. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Endless, becomes an Endless one in this world. Endless worlds he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal as the Endless. A swan will tell thee one-fourth!"

So, when morning came, he drove the cattle onward. Where they were in the evening, he kindled a fire, penned the cattle, laid on fuel, and sat down on the West side of the fire, facing the East.

A swan, alighting beside him, addressed him saying, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"Let me tell thee, beloved, one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So the swan said to him, "Fire is one part. The Sun is one part. The Moon is one part. Lightning is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Luminous. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as the Luminous, becomes a Luminous one in this world. Luminous worlds he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal as the Luminous. A cormorant will tell thee one-fourth!"

So, when morning came, he drove the cattle onward. Where they were in the evening, he kindled a fire, penned the cattle, laid on fuel, and sat down on the West side of the fire, facing the East.

A cormorant, alighting beside him, addressed him saying, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Sir!"

"Let me tell thee, beloved, one-fourth of the Eternal!"

"Let the Master tell it!" said he.

So the cormorant said to him, "Life is one part. Seeing is one part. Hearing is one part. Mind is one part. This, beloved, is one-fourth of the Eternal, divided into four parts. Its name is Having-a-home. He who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal divided into four parts as

Having-a-home, he becomes one having a home in this world. Worlds having a home he wins, who, knowing this thus, approaches this one-fourth of the Eternal as Having-a-home."

So he came to the home of the Teacher. To him the Teacher said, "Satyakama!"

He answering said, "Master!"

"Beloved, thou shinest as one knowing the Eternal! Who has imparted to thee the teaching?"

"Others than men!" he affirmed. "But let the Master speak to my desire. For I have heard from those like the Master that wisdom gained from the Teacher gains the highest goal!"

To him he declared it. In it, naught was lacking, naught was lacking.

The Teaching of the Fires

Upakosala, the descendant of Kamala, dwelt with Satyakama, son of Jabala, as a disciple. For twelve years he tended his fires. The teacher instructed others who dwelt with him as disciples, but Upakosala he instructed not.

Then the wife of Satyakama said to him, "This disciple is full of fervour. He has tended the fires well. Let not the fires be before thee in teaching him. Do thou teach him!"

But without teaching him he went forth on a journey.

He, because of sickness, abstained from food. Then the wife of the Teacher said to him, "Disciple, eat! Why dost thou not eat?"

He said, "Many desires are there in man here, of many kinds. I am full of sickness. I shall not eat!"

Then the fires spoke together, saying, "This disciple is full of fervour. He has tended us well. Come, let us instruct him!" So they said to him, "The Eternal is Life. The Eternal is Joy. The Eternal is the Expanse."

He said, "I understand that the Eternal is Life. But Joy and the Expanse, I do not understand!"

They said, "What, verily, is Joy, that, verily, is the Expanse; what, verily, is the Expanse, that, verily, is Joy." Then they declared to him Life and the Shining Ether.

Then the household fire instructed him, saying, "Earth, Fire, Food, the Sun (these are my four forms). The Spirit who is seen in the Sun, I, verily, am He; I, verily, am He!

"He who, knowing this thus, approaches Him, puts away evil; he is lord of the world; he lives his full life, he lives gloriously. His descendants fail not. We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches Him!"

Then the southern sacrificial fire instructed him, saying, "The Waters, the directions of Space, the Lunar Mansions, the Moon (these are my four forms). The Spirit who is seen in the Moon, I, verily, am He; I, verily, am He!

"He who, knowing this thus, approaches Him, puts away evil; he is lord of

the world; he lives his full life, he lives gloriously. His descendants fail not. We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches Him!"

Then the eastern sacrificial fire instructed him, saying, "Life, Shining Ether, Heaven, Lightning (these are my four forms). The Spirit who is seen in the Lightning, I, verily, am He; I, verily, am He!

"He who, knowing this thus, approaches Him, puts away evil; he is lord of the world; he lives his full life, he lives gloriously. His descendants fail not. We protect, in this world and in that world, him who knows this thus, and approaches Him!"

They said, "Upakosala, this, beloved, is the knowledge of us, and the knowledge of the Self. But the Teacher will declare to thee the Way."

His Teacher returned. The Teacher said to him, "Upakosala!"

He answering said, "Master!"

"Beloved, thy face shines as the face of one who knows the Eternal. Who has instructed thee?"

"Who should instruct me, Sir?" he said, as though denying. "These! They are of this appearance now, but they were of another appearance!" Thus he indicated the fires.

"And what, beloved, did they say to thee?"

"This!" he affirmed.

"The worlds, verily, beloved, they have declared to thee. But I shall tell thee That. As the waters adhere not to the lotus leaf, so, verily, dark deeds adhere not to him who knows this thus!"

"Let the Master tell me!" said he.

To him he said, "This Spirit that is seen in the eye, this is the Self, this is the immortal, the fearless, this is the Eternal. If oil or water be dropped into the eye, it flows to the eyelids. This Eternal they call the Uniter of Beauty, for to it come all beautiful things. All beauty comes to him who knows this thus. This is also the Bringer of Beauty, for he brings all beauties who knows this thus. This is also the Bringer of Brightness, for in all worlds it shines. In all worlds he shines who knows this thus.

"And so, in the case of such a one, whether they perform the rites or no, such as he pass into the flame, from the flame to the day, from the day to the waxing moon, from the waxing moon to the six months of growing sunshine, from the months to the cycle of the year, from the year to the sun, from the sun to the moon, from the moon to the lightning. There is a Spirit not of the sons of men; He causes them to enter into the Eternal. This is the path of the Bright Powers, the path of the Eternal. Those who go forward on that path return not again to this world of men; they return not again."

C. J.

(To be continued)

H. P. B. ON EVOLUTION

THE question of evolution has been discussed so heatedly during recent months that readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY will be glad of an opportunity to study once more the following paragraphs on the subject from the works of Madame Blavatsky.

". . . There exists in Nature a triple evolutionary scheme . . . or rather three separate schemes of evolution, which in our system are inextricably interwoven and interblended at every point. These are the Monadic (or spiritual), the intellectual, and the physical evolutions. . . .

"1. The Monadic is, as the name implies, concerned with the growth and development into still higher phases of activity of the Monad in conjunction with:—

"2. The Intellectual, represented by the Manasa-Dhyanis, . . . the 'givers of intelligence and consciousness' to man and:—

"3. The Physical, represented by the Chhayas of the lunar Pitris, round which Nature has concreted the present physical body. This body serves as the vehicle for the 'growth' (to use a misleading word) and the transformations through Manas and—owing to the accumulation of experiences—of the finite into the *infinite*, of the transient into the Eternal Absolute.

"Each of these three systems has its own laws, and is ruled and guided by different sets of the highest Dhyanis or 'Logoi.' Each is represented in the constitution of man, the Microcosm of the great Macrocosm; and it is the union of these three streams in him which makes him the complex being he now is."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 181.
(1893) I, 203, 204.

"It has been repeatedly stated that evolution as taught by Manu and Kapila was the groundwork of the modern teachings, but neither Occultism nor Theosophy has ever supported the wild theories of the present Darwinists—least of all the descent of man from an ape."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 186.
(1893) I, 209.

"The Darwinian theory of the transmission of acquired faculties, is neither taught nor accepted in Occultism. Evolution, in it, proceeds on quite other lines; the physical, according to esoteric teaching, evolving gradually from the spiritual, mental, and psychic."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 219.
(1893) I, 238.

"Owing to the very type of his development man *cannot descend* from either an ape or an ancestor common to both, but shows his origin from a type far

superior to himself. And this type is the 'Heavenly man'—the Dhyan Chohans, or the Pitris so-called. On the other hand, the pithecoids, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do*, descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal— . . .

". . . Anthropologists, who ventured to dispute the derivation of man from an animal ancestry, were sorely puzzled how to deal with the presence of gill-clefts, with the 'tail' problem, and so on. Here again Occultism comes to our assistance with the necessary data.

"The fact is that, as previously stated, the human type is the repertory of all potential organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate. In this postulate we find a true '*Evolution*' or '*unfolding*'—a sense which cannot be said to belong to the mechanical theory of natural selection. . . .

"The mammalia, whose first traces are discovered in the marsupials of the Triassic rocks of the Secondary Period, were evolved from *purely* astral progenitors contemporary with the Second Race. They are thus *post-Human*, and, consequently, it is easy to account for the general resemblance between their embryonic stages and those of Man, who necessarily embraces in himself and epitomizes in his development the features of the group he originated. . . . The potentiality of every organ useful to animal life is locked up in Man."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 683, 684, 685.
(1893) II, 721, 722, 723.

". . . It is the 'Soul,' or the *inner* man, that descends on Earth first, the psychic *astral*, the mould on which physical man is gradually built—his Spirit, intellectual and moral faculties awakening later on as that physical stature grows and develops. . . .

"Man is certainly *no* special creation, and he is the product of Nature's gradual perfective work, like any other living unit on this Earth. But this is only with regard to the human tabernacle. That which lives and thinks in man and survives that frame, the masterpiece of evolution—is the 'Eternal Pilgrim,' . . ."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 728.
(1893) II, 768.

"We have one thing in common with the Darwinian school: it is the law of gradual and extremely slow evolution, embracing many million years. The chief quarrel, it appears, is with regard to the nature of the primitive 'Ancestor.' We shall be told that the Dhyan Chohan, or the 'progenitor' of Manu, is a hypothetical being unknown on *the physical plane*. We reply that it was believed in by the whole of antiquity, and by nine-tenths of the present humanity; whereas not only is the *pithecoid man*, or 'ape-man,' a purely hypothetical creature of Hæckel's creation, unknown and untraceable on this earth, but further its genealogy—as invented by him—clashes with

scientific facts and all the known data of modern discovery in Zoology. It is simply absurd, even as a fiction."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 669.
(1893) II, 706, 707.

"No more than Science, does esoteric philosophy admit *design* or 'special creation.' It rejects every claim to the 'miraculous,' and accepts nothing outside the uniform and immutable laws of Nature. But it teaches a cyclic law, a double stream of force (or spirit) and of matter, which, starting from the *neutral centre* of Being, develops in its cyclic progress and incessant transformations. The primitive germ from which all vertebrate life has developed throughout the ages, being distinct from the primitive germ from which the vegetable and the animal life have evolved, there are side laws whose work is determined by the conditions in which the materials to be worked upon are found by them, and of which Science—physiology and anthropology especially —seems to be little aware."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 731.
(1893) II, 772.

"As regards the priority of man to the animals in the order of evolution, . . . Arguing from a physical standpoint, all the lower kingdoms, save the mineral—which is light itself, crystallised and immetallised—from plants to the creatures which preceded the first mammalians, all have been consolidated in their physical structures by means of the 'cast-off dust' of those minerals, and *the refuse of the human matter, whether from living or dead bodies, on which they fed and which gave them their outer bodies.* In his turn, man grew more physical, by re-absorbing into his system that which he had given out, and which became transformed in the living animal crucibles through which it had passed, owing to Nature's alchemical transmutations. There were animals in those days of which our modern naturalists have never dreamed; and the stronger became physical material man, the giants of those times, the more powerful were his emanations."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) II, 169, 170.
(1893) II, 179.

"Our present normal physical senses were (from our present point of view) abnormal in those days of slow and progressive downward evolution and fall into matter. And there was a day when all that which in our modern times is regarded as phenomena, so puzzling to the physiologist now compelled to believe in them—such as thought transference, clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc.; in short, all that which is called now 'wonderful and abnormal'—all that and much more belonged to the senses and faculties common to all humanity. We are, however, cycling back and cycling forward; *i.e.*, having lost in spirituality that which we acquired in physical development until almost the end of the Fourth Race, we (mankind) are as gradually and imperceptibly losing now in the physical all that we regain once more in the spiritual *re*-evolution. This process must go on until the period which will bring

the Sixth Root-Race on a parallel line with the spirituality of the Second, long extinct mankind."

The Secret Doctrine (1888) I, 536, 537.
(1893) I, 585, 586.

"Esoteric philosophers held that everything in nature is but a materialization of spirit. The Eternal First Cause is latent spirit, they said, and matter from the beginning. 'In the beginning was the word . . . and the word was God.' . . . This mystery of first creation, which was ever the despair of science, is unfathomable, unless we accept the doctrine of the Hermetists. Though matter is co-eternal with spirit, that matter is certainly not our visible, tangible, and divisible matter, but its extreme sublimation. Pure spirit is but one remove higher. Unless we allow man to have been evolved out of this primordial spirit-matter, how can we ever come to any reasonable hypothesis as to the genesis of animate beings? Darwin begins his evolution of species at the lowest point and traces upward. His only mistake may be that he applies his system at the wrong end. Could he remove his quest from the visible universe into the invisible, he might find himself on the right path. But then, he would be following in the footsteps of the Hermetists."

Isis Unveiled, I, 428, 429.

When we know the nature of all things, we are relieved from superstition, freed from the fear of death, and not disturbed by ignorance of circumstances, from which often arise fearful terrors.—CICERO.

OUR APPROACH TO GOD

NOT long ago, the writer was reading an account of the Arian controversy and of the dissension that tore the early Christian Church over such questions as whether the Son proceeded from, emanated from, the Father through all Eternity, or whether that relation had "begun," not in time of course, but at some definite period in Eternity—this and other questions so remote from our modern everyday thinking that they seem to remove the Deity quite beyond the reach of personal relationship and into the realm of pure speculation. At about the same time, a young girl was heard to say, "Often in Mass, I gaze and gaze and gaze at the Host, hoping, if I look long enough, to *see* Our Lord there, and it seemed this morning as though at last I actually did see, through it and behind it, something of God and Our Lord and all their majesty and all the glory and splendour that surround them." Finally, in the window of a shop where Church goods and statuary are sold, there was displayed for a time a human-size figure of God the Father, a benign old man with long flowing blue robes, youthfully pink cheeks, white hair falling round his shoulders, and eyes that rested with an air of friendly intimacy on the figures of several saints and holy personages grouped about him. Here were several ideas about God, sufficiently unlike to arrest attention and start a train of thought. What is in our minds when we speak of God? Is your thought like mine, and if not, in what respect? Does each of us necessarily have a different idea, due partly to the different elements in our natures and the correspondingly different attributes which we, personally, should consider worthy of deification? Have we any *experience* of God? When we reach out toward Him do we sense any response in return? Or are we simply holding on to notions or stereotyped phrases gathered here and there,—the lenient, protecting Father of some childish prayer, the wrathful Judge of a Methodist revival, the lofty and majestic central figure of some mediæval painting or stained glass window? What is our attitude toward our God, our relation with Him? What above all is His relation to us? Fortunately for all of us, there are those reassuring words of Krishna in the *Gita*, "In whatever way men approach Me, in that way I love them;" but are we content with our present degree of understanding—the young girl of the Mass says it is wrong to inquire into these matters—or, if we can find a broader, bigger view than our own, shall we assume that by just that much it may carry us outside ourselves and nearer to the Truth—or at any rate that, being bigger, it is just so much more applicable to a God who is infinite?

To give an adequate and satisfactory answer to such questions is, of course, the work of the philosopher or the theologian, and the present writer can only say, using a borrowed phrase, "I occupy the room of the unlearned." But without attempting any conclusive answers, it would be possible to go back

again to the writings of the Sufis, already discussed at some length in past issues of the QUARTERLY, and find in the answers to these same questions reached by the members of that sect at different periods of its history, suggestions which may at least be of value to anyone who cares to carry the train of thought deeper and further.

Before turning to the East it will be illuminating to have some little indication of the wide variety of thought on the subject which the Western world has known. Professor C. J. Webb in his book, *God and Personality*, refers to the attitude of the ancient Greeks and Romans toward their gods,—an attitude that is doubtless familiar to everyone. The latter were splendid beings who sometimes walked among men, but were little if at all concerned with the well- or ill-being of the human family. At one period they were, of course, the personification of the powers of nature—at all times they were to be admired, placated, worshipped, but never in the sense that the modern world regards worship of the Divine. A passage from the Persian Jami's poetic version of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife is significant,—"He besieges Jupiter with a storm of epithets, and railing at the dotage into which the god has fallen, and his imbecility in permitting so much evil in the world," etc. There was, of course, another element in the worship of the ancient world—rites in which the deity became wholly at one with the worshippers, but this was a part of certain of the mysteries; it represents, to be sure, a relation between God and man, but during the performance of the rites rather than in daily life and practice, and is for that reason somewhat outside the present subject.

It may be well to borrow in brief form from Professor Webb several views which he cites, characteristic as they are of certain of the great schools of thought in the West. Pliny the Elder (again the Pagan view) is quoted as saying, "This *is* God when one mortal helps another—and in such relations only the Divine nature is regarded as consisting." Here we have, by implication at least, no God at all, but only the best in human nature, regarded as divine.

Plato's teaching of the First Cause might of course be cited, also the doctrines of the Neo-Platonists, and certain of the great philosophers of later centuries, including Spinoza, whose God, as immanent as Aristotle's was transcendent, neither "first loves us nor does he return our love." As the QUARTERLY has already discussed these teachings from various points of view, there is no need to go into them more in detail now.

Concerning the God of Aristotle: "He enters into no reciprocal relations with other beings, although the desire to attain to his supreme excellence is the cause of the movement of universal nature; for he himself, by reason of his very perfection, can have no concern with or knowledge of anything that is less perfect than himself—and all things except himself are that."

Not one of these views—nor, indeed, even the teachings of the Christian theologians down to fairly modern times—has asserted the personality of God. Professor Webb explains that by personality he means not merely that element in ourselves and others to which we apply the term. "Rather it is something

which, though suggested to us by what we find in men, we perceive to be only imperfectly realized in them; and this can only be because we are somehow aware of a perfection or ideal with which we contrast what we find in men as falling short of it." This definition is not satisfying, for it seems to carry with it the implication of our seeking in God, only a glorified image of our personal selves, with perhaps certain of the virtues of our friends thrown in. However, no such implication was intended, and the definition will serve its purpose, particularly as every one of us has, without doubt, his own very definite idea of what is meant by the *personality* of God, by "personal response" from God to man, and by "intimacy" in the relation between Creator and creature.

Many other instances could be given of the attitude of Western thought on the subject, and if Christian records be included, there is of course abundant material, particularly in the writings of the great mystics. As indicative of a Christian point of view, one might take several passages from *The Practice of the Presence of God*, in which Brother Lawrence writes—

"That we should establish ourselves in a sense of God's presence, by continually conversing with Him.

"That he had so often experienced the ready succours of Divine Grace upon all occasions, that from the same experience, when he had business to do, he did not think of it beforehand; but when it was time to do it, he found in God, as in a clear mirror, all that was fit for him to do.

"When outward business diverted him a little from the thought of God, a fresh remembrance coming from God invested his soul, and so inflamed and transported him that it was difficult for him to contain himself.

"That he was more united in God in his outward employments, than when he left them for devotion in retirement."

This point of view is chosen, not necessarily as a *standard*, but as a sane, well-balanced attitude, in accord with Christian teaching, not stamped with the colouring of any particular church, free from extremes and from the objection of either emotionalism or mysticism which might be brought if the writings of certain of the well known saints were chosen.

According to the exoteric Mohammedan view, there is little possibility for the worshipper to know his God in any sense of an intimate personal relationship. Allah is infinitely transcendent, also an absolute unity in himself, a being quite apart from His creation. He is the Great Taskmaster who sits on His throne, meting out punishment to the wicked and pardon to the righteous, as we His slaves cower before His wrath. One of the Mohammedan Traditions tells of His showing to Adam his posterity—the righteous in one hand and the damned in the other—with the words, "These are in Paradise and I care not; and these are in Hell and I care not." Again He is represented as a tremendous will,—"Allah could suffer no change, could experience no emotion. Sorrow, pity, love, desire could have no part in Him. When He acts it is not because of any action or reaction of motives and purposes within Him; it is by simple arbitrary will. He may be called 'Most Merciful' there [in the Koran], but that does not mean that He has a quality, Mercy, corre-

sponding to anything in man. If He could be so described—that is, in similar terms with man—then He, too, would be a created being."

Such a point of view is difficult to grasp for a Westerner, familiar with modern Christian teachings. His unity, in this case, would shut out from Him wholly, all of us His creatures; He is complete without us. The Christian idea —that most appealing of the aspects of the Western Deity—of God's *need* for humanity, meeting and complementing our infinite need for God, is wholly lacking. A God without sorrow, who had never been "tempted in all things as we," is a difficult concept for the Western mind to grasp. Allah is an Eastern potentate; an aspect of deity congenial to a certain type of oriental mind; one answer to man's longing for an object of worship which shall be above and beyond all possibility of human frailty and imperfection. There is much in such a concept that it is well for us to consider, and to try to understand,— yet always it brings us back with a new and greater wonder to the boundless generosity, and the pricelessness of the gift made to us, his children, by the Man of Sorrows.

Allah, according to a fairly late Mohammedan theologian (Ghazali, about 1111 A.D.), is so completely aloof that while He did create the world "He is no longer in any direct sense its ruler. He is absolutely transcendent, and since the moving of the heavenly spheres would be incompatible with His unity, that function is assigned to 'One by whose command the spheres are moved,'" —a created being.

As the Mohammedan civilization developed, and Mohammedanism was brought into contact with the religions of other peoples, it is interesting to see how the original teachings were influenced. By inference at least, the wholly transcendent Allah comes to occupy a position analogous to the First Cause, as that is sometimes conceived of, and Mohammed, much changed from the original, simple tribesman of the desert, becomes the Logos. He is "the Divine Idea immanent in Creation and the final cause of all that exists, the cosmic thought assuming form and connecting Absolute Being with the world of Nature. He is the God-Man who has descended to this earthly sphere that he may make manifest the glory of Him who brought the Universe into existence." Yet never is there the idea of the Fatherhood of God. Allah's unity precludes all interplay of personality; Mohammed does not for a moment possess the Father-Son relationship. In a metaphysical sense he makes manifest God's glory; he is the highest point humanity attains; but there is nowhere the teaching of a Divine incarnation. On the human side, Mohammed the Prophet is always the slave of Allah, as are we. Always there is the gulf between Creator and creature.

It remained for the Sufis to bridge that gap. In the earliest days, members of the sect were extreme ascetics; the later Sufis, many of them still ascetics of course, were also mystics. Theology, reason, every exoteric principle might indicate that God is wholly transcendent, wholly beyond the reach of His children, but certain of the mystics came to have *knowledge* of Him, actual personal experience. As has been wisely said, what we can think of only as

two, we can often feel as one. Their explanation was that infinite as was the distance, yet God by His omnipotent will could annihilate it and bridge the chasm. It is not to be accomplished by man, but only by the Divine will. The difference that then grew up between the exoteric and the esoteric position is well expressed by Dr. Nicholson. "Only by ignoring the fifty articles of his creed can the Moslem come near to God; but the Sufi who enjoys communion with God can, if he wishes, take the creed to his heart and see in its words a partial and inadequate reflection of what his inner light has revealed to him."

Largely as a result of Hellenistic influence, the early asceticism, practised with a view to attaining salvation and escaping hell-fire, changed to the idea of purgation, purification, with a view to the attainment of union. With this change, of course, came the idea of knowledge of God, union with God, through love. And with love there is coupled the idea of self-effacement, abandonment, so that we have such an expression of it as the following Rubaiyât of Hafiz:

> "Grant me the joy of Union, if it be Thy Will;
> Or anguish sore, through sev'rance, if it be Thy Will.
> I do not say to Thee, 'What wilt Thou give to me?'
> For grant whatever is according to Thy Will."[1]

A noted teacher, Dhu'l Nun, whose work has previously been mentioned in the QUARTERLY, writes, "True knowledge of God is the knowledge of the attributes of Divine Unity, which belongs to the Saints of God, those who behold God with their hearts in such wise that He reveals unto them what He revealeth not unto anyone else in the world. They that know God are not themselves and subsist not through themselves, but in so far as they are themselves they subsist through God." Or as Hallaj, another of their great teachers, expresses it,—

> "Thy Spirit is mingled with my spirit even as wine is mingled with pure water.
> When anything touches Thee, it touches me. Lo, in every case Thou art I."

Sufism underwent many variations under the influence of the religious beliefs of various neighbouring peoples. Hellenistic teachings had a powerful effect; the Neo-Platonic variations played their part; Persian colouring produced a totally new element. And in addition to all this, each leader or teacher saw the truth in his own way—in esoteric teaching there was little question of complying with orthodox views and standards; the truth as revealed in the divinely illumined heart was what was sought, and uniformity was not essential. We find then, an infinite variety in the expressions of the relationship between God and man. In large part, the Sufis held, even esoterically, to

[1] This and one or two other quotations are from *Selections from the Rubaiyât and Odes of Hafiz*, but the majority of the references to Sufism are from R. A. Nicholson's book, *The Idea of Personality in Sufism*.

the exoteric teaching of God's transcendence. What could express it more completely than the following from the writings of Hallaj (300 A.H.):

"Before all things, before the creation, before His knowledge of the creation, God in his unity was holding an ineffable discourse with Himself and contemplating the splendour of His essence in itself. That pure simplicity of His self-admiration is Love, which in His essence is the essence of the essence, beyond all limitation of attributes. In His perfect isolation God loves Himself, praises Himself, and manifests Himself by Love. And it was this first manifestation of Love in the Divine Absolute that determined the multiplicity of His attributes and His names. Then God, by His essence, in His essence, desired to project out of Himself His supreme joy, that Love in aloneness, that He might behold it and speak to it. He looked in eternity and brought forth from non-existence an image, an image of Himself, endowed with all His attributes and all His names: Adam. The Divine look made that form to be His image unto everlasting."

It is perhaps suggestive of the clear, cold remoteness of the stars on a winter night. Yet, as the last lines suggest, Hallaj did not consider Allah to be inaccessible to man. He bridged the gulf by regarding human nature as the image of the divine—and curiously enough (considering that he was a Mussulman) he taught that Jesus was the perfect type of deified man, revealing the Creator from within himself. Hallaj, in his religious experience, leaves far behind him the impersonality of the exoteric teaching, makes long strides toward a personal relationship. "If Thou wouldst sell me Paradise," he writes, "in exchange for a single moment of my ecstasy or for one passing gleam of the least of my spiritual states, I would not buy it! And if Thou wert to set Hell-fire before me, with all the diverse kinds of torment that are contained therein, I would deem it of no account in comparison with my suffering when Thou hidest Thyself from me." Here we have a genuine personal relationship with God,—not necessarily intimacy with Him, oneness or union—but at least a personal feeling, and in the words, "when Thou hidest Thyself from me," an indication of having in turn met with a personal response.

Once the bridge was made, gradually the Sufis came to regard their God as more and more immanent, manifesting Himself in every object of His creation—

> "In every rose the wise perceive
> A picture of Thy face."

Little by little this developed into a genuine pantheism—belief in the universality of God, that all things are God and God is all things:

> "I am the theft of rogues, I am the pain of the sick,
> I am both cloud and rain, I have rained in the meadows."

It would be needless repetition to give in detail at this point, the special note of the Persian Sufis, much of whose poetic work is so distinctly pantheistic. In them the relation between the worshipper and his God is represented as that

between lover and Beloved. The Deity is usually referred to as She or the Mistress or the Beloved; whatever exhilarates and uplifts the heart in religious emotion is referred to as wine, and the experience of being carried out of oneself in spiritual ecstasy is termed intoxication—

"He who has, like me, drunk in Eternity-without-beginning a draught from the Friend's cup—
Through intoxication raiseth not his head till the morning of the Resurrection."

The relationship expressed in these poems is perhaps unique, for the Beloved is frequently represented as capricious or disdainful, cold, angry, even petulant. Yet here again, the foreign concept is one well worth the effort to comprehend, and there is a rich reward if one be able to transcribe the terms and look continually back to the inner content beneath the outer form, for their exquisite imagery, their constant attribution to the Deity of everything in nature, and indeed in the universe, that is beautiful and fair and lovely, and, above all, their outpouring of love and adoration and self-abasement should uplift and carry one with them.

The tendency to see God in all things and as all things, can of course be carried so far, and God can be regarded as so completely indwelling, that He is practically lost sight of in the personality of the worshipper (as has been said before, certain of the Sufis met martyrdom for this). Pantheism would make an interesting study in itself. It has an infinite gradation, and one critic draws a valuable distinction between pantheism—the belief that God is all things—and panentheism, the teaching that all is *in* God, who is nevertheless above all.

This was, of course, for many, the way out of the difficulty regarding the transcendence of Allah. God for them was not devoid of all that we know as personality in the human sense, but, quite the contrary, was possessed of a personality so universal as to embrace within itself all existence and all created things. This personality is simultaneously, in the most complete degree, both immanent and transcendent, and "it expresses itself most completely in man, who is nothing except in so far as he realizes his true nature to be the image of the Divine." Such realization, for most Sufis, meant a passing out of their own personality completely. Many thought that God remained transcendent so long as the worshipper was living in his *self*. It was only by dying to self, casting off all the interests, affections, and desires of the self, and becoming simply an object of the Divine will, that he could find life in God, and at last a personal intimate relation with God. There could be no intimacy before that point. Then, "that which loves it (the self) and which it loves, is now its inward and real self, not the self that has 'passed away.'" And this "passing away," or *fana*, was not merely an ecstatic state, but a still higher state than ecstasy, a unified consciousness which may result from ecstasy.

Many other instances might be given of the relation, the approach, of the individual Sufi to his God. In some cases, because of self-abasement, or depth

of love, or some other single quality, they are suggestive of the experiences of the great Christian mystics. They have in common, of course, the underlying universal principles, yet practically always with a difference. And the keynote to this difference—which is sometimes an elusive one—is perhaps given in what Nicholson writes of the Mohammedan conception of personality as contrasted with our own. "In Islam," he says, "God, not man, is the measure of all things. In Islam there has hitherto been no place for what we call Humanism, implying the value and sufficiency of the individual as such. In Islam the Perfect Man, who is identical with Mohammed, represents the idea of Divinity revealing itself in man rather than the ideal of Humanity realizing itself in the personal life of God."

This latter ideal—that of Humanity realizing itself in the personal life of God—is, for many Christians, the special gift of the Western Master. Which is really the higher view, must be left to the individual to decide. Certainly, "God, not man," *ought to be* "the measure of all things"; and some would say that it was not the Western Master who laid this new emphasis on Man, but that Man has chosen the emphasis to suit himself. In any case, that Master's statement that "I and my Father are one"; his "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me" (identifying him with the least and the lowest); and his "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," supply, link by link, the chain that binds the human to the Divine. In his exemplification of the Divine Sonship, the gulf that is so wide for the exoteric Mohammedan has, for his own followers, been bridged.

To people of the West, of course, certain of the foregoing views make a special appeal, while to Easterners, others seem only fitting and proper. Yet *per se* and from the point of view of the whole Truth, no one of them is any more to be regarded as right and true—or even as preferable—than is one facet of a diamond in relation to another. To think of God, for instance, *only* in terms of remoteness would be incomplete, to say the least, for in the nature of things, God must be as infinitely near as infinitely remote. In fact, any attempt to *define* "God" is futile—God the undefinable, the Infinite. This is one of the points where the splendid universality of Theosophy has been a blessing to so many—affording, as it does, reconciliation between such widely divergent beliefs. Persons who lean strongly toward the abstract, find full satisfaction in the theosophical teaching of the Absolute, of Parabrahm (Para meaning "beyond"), and in the acceptance by Theosophy of the Vedantin view in that respect. Equally can the believer in a personal God find satisfaction in Theosophy, owing to its recognition of the truth of the "Three Logoi Doctrine" as set forth by Madame Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine*, and the doctrine of Avatars, or of special manifestations of the Third Logos (God) in human form. Finally, we have the assurance that behind every apparent diversity is an underlying unity,—and beyond that a point which the human mind cannot reach, "a vast unknown of which *Silence* is the ultimate symbol."

J. C.

STUDIES IN PARACELSUS

INTEREST in the life and work of Paracelsus has been manifested at intervals during the four centuries which have elapsed since his death. In many regions of thought and investigation, in Chemistry, in Medicine and Surgery, in Philosophy and Theology, there is evidence of the deep and far-reaching influence which he exerted. Beginning with Dufresnoy's *History of the Hermetic Philosophy*, in 1762, and through many later volumes down to von Meyer's *History of Chemistry*, in 1906, there is abundant proof of the suggestive work and inspiring thought of the great Swiss physician-philosopher. Erdmann affirms that Paracelsus inaugurated the modern development of the philosophy of nature. Finally, his writings on Theology have been rendered accessible by the researches of Ed. Schubert, Carl Sudhoff, and the Benedictine, Raymund Netzhammer.

Dr. Franz Hartmann's *Paracelsus* was published in 1887. In 1911 Miss Stoddart gave to the world her *Life of Paracelsus*, inspired by Robert Browning's poem. In the interval between these two works, in 1894, Mr. A. E. Waite published his translation of the *Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus*. Unfortunately, these volumes do not contain translations of the philosophical works on which Paracelsus based his entire system of teaching. Of chief interest to the student of Theosophy is the emphasis laid in every treatise on the superiority of the inner essence to the external form, on the dependence of the phenomenon on the noumenon, while ritual and symbol are but reminders of the living reality.

Quite recently, in 1920, a scholarly criticism of Paracelsus was published by the late J. M. Stillman, Professor Emeritus of Chemistry in Leland Stanford University. In this critical essay students will find much of interest and value, to be supplemented by reference to the works of Paracelsus himself. Both Miss Stoddart and Professor Stillman lay stress on the principle that an individual should be studied in connection with his surroundings, that his life must be viewed together with the life of his times. Therefore, let us consider the circumstances amid which Paracelsus lived and worked.

Born in 1493 at Einsiedeln, near Zurich, he received his earliest instruction from his father, who was a physician. After further study at the abbey of St. Andrew, and, later, under the Abbot Trithemius of Spanheim, he entered the laboratory of Sigismund Fugger at Schwatz in the Tyrol, where he prosecuted his investigation of minerals and metallurgy. Then begins a period of extensive journeying. It is said that he travelled in Germany, Italy, France, Spain, the Netherlands, England, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, whence he went to Constantinople. During his travels he learned from observation and experience, seeking knowledge among the high and the low, the learned and the vulgar, consorting with philosophers on the one hand and with gypsies on

the other. Perhaps from his association with the latter arose the stories which his detractors later used against him.

From the obscure period of his travels Paracelsus emerges in the year 1525, when he took up his residence at Basle. In 1527, the City Council appointed him City Physician, a position which carried with it a professorship at the University.

It was a time of intellectual awakening, manifest in the revival of Neoplatonism at Florence, and in the activities of Erasmus and Luther in Germany. Armed with the knowledge which he had so laboriously acquired during his travels, and permeated with the desire, which was then stirring so many minds, to break the bonds of dogma and formalism, Paracelsus began to promulgate his views on medicine, and the philosophical principles, founded on his view of God and nature, on which his medical teachings were based. He showed little deference to the traditions of the doctors and the members of his profession. He lectured in the language of the country, in place of the customary Latin, and drew upon himself the scornful abuse of his opponents, who found themselves confronted by startling innovations of statement and theory, and, even more, by successful practical results, in cases where they themselves had failed. That they should use every weapon to attack the innovator, was perhaps natural; it was just as natural that the innovator should descend into the arena and reply in kind, in the very outspoken language of the times.

Professor Stillman writes of Paracelsus: "His great aim was to break the bonds of ancient authority and accepted dogma which had for centuries held medical science enchained, and to open the way for the foundation of that science upon a basis of open-minded experience, experiment and observation, or, as he expressed it, on the 'Light of nature.'" This expression of Paracelsus has, in his philosophical writings, a much deeper meaning than the mere external appearance to which Professor Stillman seems to limit it.

"For Paracelsus, the phenomena of nature, seen or hidden, are the revelation of God's will to man in all those things relating to his physical and material welfare—just as the teachings of Christ are for him the revelation of God's will to man in things spiritual. Hence the physician, as the highest human agent of God's will to man, must be thoroughly grounded in the complete knowledge of nature, and as thoroughly in obedience to the teachings of Christ. For the interpretation of the phenomena of nature, as for the interpretation of the teachings of Christ, he claims the right for himself and for his individual judgment, and refuses to accept the authority of ancient Greek philosophers or physicians—or of Church Fathers or other sources of dogmatic theology." Does not this remind us of a much later reformer, who "came to break the moulds of mind"?

In the course of his travels, Paracelsus studied the various sciences and the applications that were made of them at that time. We can picture the energetic boy, educated by his father and accompanying him in his visits as physician to the hospital of the monastery of Einsiedeln; we can imagine him rebell-

ing against the methods of treatment then in use, determined to penetrate more deeply into the science and art of medicine. Prosecuting his studies, he went to Schwatz to work in the laboratories, and to study the mines and minerals. Thence he went to Spanheim, to become the pupil of Trithemius, who was, perhaps, the most widely esteemed chemist and alchemist of the day. Trithemius was the leader of the Neo-platonic school in Germany, as were Pico della Mirandola and Ficinus in Florence, and as Bovillus was in France. Paracelsus mentions Trithemius as his teacher, and names Ficinus and Cornelius Agrippa as authors with whose works he was acquainted.

Medicine in Europe was at that time dominated by Galen's doctrine of the "humours," just as the prevailing philosophy was a degenerate Aristotelianism; both had been obscured in their transmission through the centuries, and Paracelsus revolted against the error that was common to both—the taking of the effect for the cause. He sought to go behind the outer appearance and to reach the real foundations for examination and enquiry. He therefore followed the practical side of the enquiry, and at the same time put forward a philosophy based on what he had learned; on this philosophy he founded his practice of the science of medicine. In philosophy, the closest approach to the ideas of Paracelsus is to be found in the writings of Cornelius Agrippa. Both were pupils of Trithemius, the Abbot of Spanheim. All three were alchemists of the first rank, all were alleged to have "made gold," and to have solved the Hermetic mystery in the inner world. In early manhood Trithemius was elected Abbot, and under his rule the monastery became one of the chief centres of European learning. As has already been noted, Trithemius, Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus were deeply imbued with the Neo-platonic philosophy of the Florentine school, of which Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa was the reputed founder.

Nicholas of Cusa was born in the year 1400, in very humble circumstances. He was, says H. P. Blavatsky, "the son of a poor boatman, owing all his career, his Cardinal's hat, and the reverential awe rather than the friendship of the Popes Eugenius IV, Nicholas V, and Pius II, to the extraordinary learning which seemed innate in him, since he had studied nowhere till comparatively late in life. Da Cusa died in 1473 (some say 1464); moreover his best works were written before he was forced to enter orders—to escape persecution. Nor did the Adept escape it." Of Cusa we are told that he taught the plurality of inhabited worlds, and that he but followed the books of Hermes when he anticipated Pascal in writing: "God is an infinite circle, whose centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere." Mme. Blavatsky suggests that those who are interested, and able to do so, should study Cusa's book *De Docta Ignorantia*, in which the ideas and discoveries of Copernicus are anticipated. Let us add that Copernicus was born in 1473, and that he, whose work was continued by Kepler and Galileo, and carried forward by Newton,—like Cusa, did not escape the persecution of the Roman Church.

Before Copernicus began to write, Paracelsus was enunciating his philosophy and its application to medicine; a philosophy learned through the prac-

tical study of nature, in many lands, among many peoples; a philosophy not of the class-room and of argument, but of practical application; a philosophy of experiment, of works justified by the faith which was in him, and demonstrated in his life.

In 1541, after a short illness, Paracelsus died, so suddenly that it has been confidently asserted his death was not due to "natural causes" but was brought about by his enemies. There was a tradition that he was thrown from a cliff and that his skull was fractured, but the examination of his skeleton has not confirmed this, showing only that his bones had been affected by rickets. Miss Stoddart dismisses the idea that Paracelsus died a violent death, because it is well attested that he made his will during his last illness, and disposed of his possessions; while the description of his end agrees with the idea of illness brought on by privations and devotion to his studies, combined with the effect of poisonous gases generated in his furnace experiments. But, granting that his health was thus impaired, this does not preclude the possibility of poison administered by his enemies. Referring to this possibility, the *Secret Doctrine* says (Volume I, page 284): "However it may be, one thing is certain in this: the knowledge of these primary causes, and of the ultimate essence of every Element, of its Lives, their functions, properties, and conditions of change—constitutes the basis of Magic. Paracelsus was, perhaps, the only Occultist in Europe, during the latter centuries of the Christian era, who was versed in this mystery. Had not a criminal hand put an end to his life years before the time allotted to him by Nature, physiological Magic would have fewer secrets for the civilized world than it now has."

In the fifteenth century, in the period between 1400 and 1500, came a revival of learning, and a revolt against dogma and all the abuses which were founded upon dogma. Cusa, Trithemius, Agrippa, Paracelsus and Copernicus were all leaders of thought and action in this period, and among them and their contemporaries and associates may well have been the individual chosen as the messenger of that time. If we recall what Mme. Blavatsky says in the *Theosophical Glossary* regarding Mesmer: "It was the Council of 'Luxor' which selected him—according to the orders of the 'Great Brotherhood' —to act in the eighteenth century as their usual pioneer, sent in the last quarter of every century to enlighten a small portion of the Western nations in Occult lore," we may find a suggestive parallel. At all events, we should find a common ground, a common denominator of philosophical teaching, in Paracelsus, Mesmer and Mme. Blavatsky.

A. KEIGHTLEY.

PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY

IT is easy, in theory, for people to accept the derivation of the word personality, from the Latin word, *persona*, which means a mask, and which refers to the masks worn on the stage by Greek and Roman actors. The Latin word, *persona*, when analyzed, is seen to be composed of two other words, the preposition, *per*, meaning through, and a part of the verb, *sonare*, meaning to sound. *Persona* indicates an object used by an actor, who made his voice *sound through* it; the clue is thus given to the true meaning of personality. It is an object, an instrument used by the real man; it is not the real man himself, it is not the individual (undivided one). Like the actor's mask, the personality wears out and is thrown aside; it does not share the Reality in which the true individual may participate.

People accept this meaning, in theory, but have a sense of loss as they reflect upon the transitory nature of personality. They think they would like their own personalities and the personalities of their friends, to endure eternally. Do they, in fact, really crave such a dreadful fate?

Let us turn from the immediate question to inquire whether, in the fine arts, any condition exists that is at all analogous to this relation of the personality and the true individual who makes his character sound through the personality. In any consideration of art and literature, Plato serves as a convenient starting point.

In Plato's dialogue, the *Symposium*, there is a long passage toward the end, spoken by Socrates, upon the nature of beauty. Socrates declares that, above and outside of the world, there exists a divine and eternal beauty of which all beautiful objects on earth are mere reflections or images. Those beautiful things of the world, beautiful objects, beautiful thoughts, etc., form a natural stairway up which man can mount to the beauty that is divine and immortal. It is possible for man, Socrates continues, to live in union with that eternal beauty; when man does live in communion with divine beauty, then, and then only, does he produce what is marked by real beauty. Whatever is produced outside of that union and communion, is only a fleeting image of beauty—soon or late, it will fade away.

Suppose we apply this dictum of Socrates to an actual case, to see whether it works. Every one would make his own choice of a master-writer, but if John Milton be chosen for a test, it cannot be said that the selection is eccentric. Milton is very generally called an immortal poet, and his works are said to be immortal. In what sense is that word, "immortal," there used?

Read, as a first example, the opening lines of Milton's *Comus*, lines of great beauty.

> Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
> My mansion is.

* * *

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being.

* * *

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

Without hesitation, one can say of these lines that they are marked by a certain relative immortality. They point down a vista to a far-off heaven without unduly urging man to get there. That is what people in general want,—a heaven as a refuge to go to when the pinfold earth becomes too much of a fret, *if* it ever do so become; but in the meantime, they can make themselves comfortable enough on earth. Therefore, as long as civilization and literature last, people may be expected to praise the high aspiration of these lines. In that relative sense, then, they are immortal. Are they, however, immortal, in the sense of that word indicated by Socrates in the *Symposium?* Do we think their author, Milton, would wish his works, as they now stand, to be immortal in that second sense?

It may be of help in answering that question, to see how a line of verse grows, how the principle of selection and rejection works out in the fine arts.

About 1830, Tennyson published a volume of poems. The following lines are found in one of them:

There is a dale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of old Ionia.

In Tennyson's mind, a picture was "impending"; it was vague, waiting for him to make it clear. It was a picture of a lovely landscape as background for the action narrated by his poem—a picture of wooded, rolling country, threaded by many water-courses. Tennyson put that "impending" picture into the above lines, but he was not satisfied with his result. "The valleys of old Ionia"—the jolt and jerk in those two lines unfitly set forth the smooth rolling country of his mental vision. A few years later, Tennyson published a second edition of his volume, and there he changed the two verses to read thus:

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.

The changes are very slight, but what a great improvement is brought about by the alteration of a letter or two, and a word or two. The jerk and jolt of "old Ionia" have been rolled smooth in the emended line, "all the valleys of Ionian hills." The scene that was "impending" has now been perfectly expressed; there is complete accord between outer and inner. Tennyson, a

skilled artist, rejected his earlier two lines, and they are to be found only in that first edition.

An example from Browning gives the opposite result—the failure of a less skilled artist to reject the unworthy in favour of the more worthy. With Browning, likewise, there was "impending" a lovely, pastoral landscape—a remote solitude with the sea as a barrier against the "dizzy raptures and aching joys" of the world. In his first effort to bring that scene from within, to outer expression, Browning wrote:

Some isle with the sea's silence on it,

which is a truly characteristic Browning line, and very poor. He tried again, and produced,

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas,

which is improved, though still, poor verse.
The third time, he wrote:

Some unsuspected isle in far off seas,

which is good verse. Browning, however, did not reject the other two lines, as Tennyson or any good artist would have done. Browning perhaps thought that the lines were good enough; he thought them good enough to keep in sequence in his poem, "Pippa Passes." The failure to reject the unfit and to select the better is characteristic of Browning in all his work, and it has an inevitable consequence. Those who read, do not like to do the sifting that the author should have done, and this disinclination to do another man's work for him, has crystallized into the opinion that Browning's work will not last so long as Tennyson's.

The examples (Tennyson and Browning) that have just been considered, illustrate the working, on a very small scale, of the principle of selection and rejection. Such an improvement as Tennyson made in the second edition of his volume, is sometimes made over night, on the morning following a long, deep sleep. Imagine now the process, illustrated in those two poets, widely expanded, on a very large scale, where the material involved is not two lines, but an author's whole life work, and where the time element is centuries, instead of the few years between a first and second edition. Imagine the individual who used the mask, John Milton, as taking a long, deep sleep on the other side of what men call death,—a sleep in which he assimilates the varied experiences of his lifetime; imagine him, back in the world again after that refreshing sleep of centuries. Would he wish to make any changes for a "second edition" of his work? The answer to this question would be influenced by the new place which that individual might occupy in the "House of Life," and his consequent outlook upon the world.

For the sake of discussion, let us imagine that, as John Milton, he had made good use of his opportunities, had profited by his failures and successes, and had thus earned the merit to take a new stand higher up in the "House of Life." Let us be a little more precise in locating him there; and, for this purpose, the figure used by Socrates in the discourse already mentioned, will be of service. Socrates said that all beautiful things of earth are *steps* which lead to eternal beauty. Visualize those *steps* in a form with which every one is acquainted—as the *stairway* in a modern apartment house, a stairway which consists of a series of parallel flights of stairs, leading from floor to floor. Everyone knows that in those modern sky-scraper apartment houses, one does not come out into air and sunlight until one has gone well toward the upper floors; and in the "House of Life," likewise, very many people live perpetually on the dark, lower floors, even "below stairs," in the damp basement. We are well acquainted with the darkness of our lower levels—we should call it our normal atmosphere; it is so inveterately normal, that some people might be very suspicious of the sunlight and fresh air of the upper floors. Since we are trying to locate the individual, who was John Milton, on a higher level of the long stairway that leads to divine beauty, it would be desirable, before inquiry be made about his new outlook and opinions, to have some evidence of what life is like on the upper floors of the "House." There are many records to choose from, though the following is so clear and convincing that it obviates a multiplication of evidence; its author would seem unmistakably to be living in communion with what is called the Lodge of Masters.

"It pleased ————, one day, to show me his hands, and his hands only. The beauty of them was so great, that no language can describe it. A few days later, I saw his divine face. I could not understand why ———— showed himself in this way, seeing that, afterwards, he granted me the grace of seeing his whole person. Later on, I understood that his Majesty was dealing with me according to the weakness of my nature. [Later] there stood before me the most sacred Humanity. If I were to spend many years in devising how to picture to myself anything so beautiful, I should never be able, nor even know how, to do it; for it is beyond the reach of any possible imagination here below: the whiteness and brilliancy alone are inconceivable. It is not a brilliancy which dazzles, but a delicate whiteness and brilliancy infused. It is a light so different from any light here below, that the very brightness of the sun we see, seems to be something obscure."[1]

Since it is an imaginary experiment that is being tried, our poet, after his sleep of centuries, can be quite arbitrarily placed somewhere in the upstairs region indicated by the foregoing quotation, and the experiment can now be

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[1] This mention of a different quality of light in the spiritual planes will recall the important rôle taken by light throughout Dante's *Paradiso*, and the intensity of that light as compared with ordinary sunlight. It suggests certain queries and comments upon another branch of art, namely the work of the great landscape painter, Turner. In many of his pictures from 1835 onward, Turner was not painting objects or even colours; he was trying to paint light, and his effort was as if he were trying to go through to the other side of the sun, in order to apprehend what eluded him. Did he not long to mount a new flight of the stairway mentioned by Socrates, so as to find the quality of light after which he was striving?

carried forward. What, in view of that upstairs experience, will be the judgment of this poet, in preparing a "second edition" of *Paradise Lost, Comus,* and his other works?

Suppose he were to read over what are perhaps the most celebrated lines of *Paradise Lost,*—the opening of Book III:

> Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born.

That celebrated passage ends with the lines which refer to Milton's blindness:

> not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

"Human face divine" is one of the treasured phrases in Milton's verse. What would our poet think of that phrase, after he had been shown a Master's Humanity? What would he say of "Hail, holy light," after he had seen the new light of the higher planes of consciousness? Would he be less of an artist than Tennyson was toward those two lines of his first edition? Can we not believe that he would say of that whole passage—"Tear it up! I can do better"?

Open *Paradise Lost* at another famous passage—the beautiful lines about Proserpina:

> that fair field
> Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
> Herself, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
> Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world.

How might he judge those lines, in view of a "second edition"? Would he think the line, "Proserpin," etc., good workmanship? There were three common forms of the name which he might have used, Persephone, Proserpina, or Proserpine. Is it proof of metrical skill when a poet has to use a rather singular form, Proserpin, to make an ordinary line of five stresses? Again, when he reflected upon the significance of those lines, would he wish them to be endowed with immortality? "Proserpin gathering flowers": it was not Proserpina in the field of Enna, but Adam and Eve and all their children gathering blossoms in the glamorous fields of the psychic world, and captured by the black forces of Hell; it was not Ceres who suffered so much pain to redeem her lost child, but the Avatars in their Passions. "Tear it up! tear it up!" our poet would certainly say—"I can do better."

As a last passage for examination, read the smoothly flowing song to Sabrina in *Comus.*

By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands:
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb.

How might this invocation of the classical Pantheon appear to a poet after a long night's refreshing sleep? Would not his verdict again be: "Tear it up"? The gods and heroes of classical mythology were an infant's new rattle, for those men of the Renaissance,—a rattle with many tiny bells attached, and the artists of that period shook the rattle incessantly. A child's new toy!

Nature would seem to offer a convincing illustration of growth and gain. Who has not sometime picked up a beetle's perfect shell,—the house in which the beetle lived last summer? How plainly the wings and body are marked on the shell, and there are the holes where the eyes looked through. We hold that perfect shell in our hand,—a fragile thing that a breath would crumble. It is perfect, but it is lifeless. High up in the oak over our heads, the beetle is now singing lustily. He has outgrown his old covering; it cramped his expansion; he has cast it off and left it behind; he is revelling in the light and heat at the top of the tree. The beetle has no uncertainty about his identity; he is the lusty singer, and he has no interest in his cast off shell, no matter how perfect it may be.

Shall man be less intelligent than the beetle? Shall man erroneously persist in believing that growth causes loss? Shall man doubt where the centre of his life and identity is—in the soul, not in the shell?

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

C. C. Clark.

THE CONTROL OF IRRITATION

NO one wants to be irritable and almost everybody is. To become angry may be a sin, may do great harm to ourselves and to others; but at least anger is a force, whereas irritation is always a weakness. It rarely accomplishes anything and is, for the time at any rate, completely destructive of happiness in the person who gives way to it. It is not exactly conducive to the happiness of those in the vicinity, but the effect on them is relatively minor. It is as impossible to be happy and to be irritated at the same time, as it is to be both grateful and full of self-pity simultaneously. The two forces are mutually destructive. While usually a short-lived plant itself, irritation is most productive, in ourselves and in others, of noxious seeds which are not short-lived. To prevent the propagation of those seeds, one has to prevent outbreaks of irritation, and for this two ways of attack are open to us,—on the causes of the irritation itself and on the causes of the outbreak, which may be quite different. Both, of course, are due to weaknesses in ourselves and are quite independent of the particular outer incident on which the irritation contrives to fasten itself. To attempt to remove the outer occasions is useless, for they are innumerable,—as many, in fact, as there are possible outer desires which may be thwarted. If it were not one, it would be another.

That irritation at others—even at the most irritating of others—is the result of weakness in ourselves, is a fact not generally recognized, but which can be readily verified by observation. One should proceed as in the case of any scientific hypothesis,—assume it to be true, and then see if it accords with and explains the observed facts. The first step—not an easy one—is to dismiss from one's mind all complaint of the other person, no matter how glaringly he may have been in the wrong, and to ask ourselves what it was in us that responded to his fault with irritation. Why did we care? Thousands of people have faults and do wrong things daily, without disturbing our equanimity in the least. What was it in us upon which this particular wrong pressed? Was it our vanity, our love of comfort, our desire to have our own way, or what? Irritation may be used to locate a moral weakness in exactly the same way that a physician uses the location of the physical pain, in his patient, to help him diagnose a physical disease. In addition to revealing our weaknesses to us—a service for which we ought to be grateful but very rarely are—the effort to locate its cause greatly diminishes the irritation itself. When one gets really interested in running down one's own faults and weaknesses, there is likely to be far less irritation at one's neighbours, and far more sympathy with them.

Much of our irritation arises from our own indecision. For instance, a weary

man is asked by someone else—or by Karma, in the form of a duty—to do something he does not want to do, just at the moment when he is most comfortably seated by the fire for a peaceful, hard-earned evening with book and pipe. He rises, grumbling inwardly, or outwardly, at the "unnecessary" interruption, does what he was asked to do, and resumes his seat and book. Another interruption comes, and another, with progressively increasing irritation until evening and temper are both ruined. Clearly, the source of irritation is not the interruption, not the child who needs help with his arithmetic, or the picture that needs to be hung, but the man's own failure to make up his mind definitely whether he wants to do what is asked, or whether he does not. Is it his duty or is it not? Does he, or does he not, prefer complying with the request to sitting by the fire? Should he, or should he not, protest at being interrupted? A definite answer to such questions and a whole-hearted acting on the decision arrived at, will obliterate the irritation. If, for instance, he is told that the house is on fire, the interruption of his evening may be complete but there is no irritation, because there is no doubt that action is necessary. The decision is automatic and definite. Weakness of the will in refusing to grapple with the situation and take the action it calls for, is very common. The action needed may be compliance or refusal. We should decide, and then either comply whole-heartedly or refuse quietly. When, for instance, a child interrupts our reading with a question, we ought to make up our minds whether or not we want him to interrupt, and why. Then we should announce our decision with definiteness, to ourselves or to the child as the case may be. Action and definiteness dispel irritation.

A common result of such lack of definiteness is that one puts up with impositions that he ought not to permit; good-naturedly perhaps at first, then with more and more of mental grumbling. He—or she—feels "put upon," "abused," and begins to indulge in self-pity. The advent of self-pity is the beginning of the end of all contentment and happiness. Nothing is more subtly corrosive of the inner nature. The man's mind gradually fills with unexpressed irritation, and all things are seen through that colouring. A further result is that, as straw after straw is added to the burden of long suppressed and—from one point of view—justifiable irritation, in time it inevitably breaks out and, by perverse fate, usually selects for its outburst some relatively harmless last straw. Everyone is surprised, shocked in fact, by so vehement an explosion over such a trifle, and the long-suffering one retires discomfited. His one remedy is decision. "Is it, or is it not, right for me to submit, and do I, or do I not, will to do so?" Then let him act accordingly, with quiet decision or cheerful acceptance, above all without mental complaint.

Another prolific source of irritation is fear. We want something and we are afraid that something or somebody is going to prevent our getting it. We feel, perhaps, quite incompetent to deal with the situation and are oppressed by the sense of our inadequacy. Fear that one will not be able to carry one's point, often results in a kind of querulous peevishness, particularly noticeable in children but by no means confined to them. When this occurs,

we may be sure that it is not on the triumph of right that our interest is centred. Where peevishness is present, crossed self-will is not far away. Perhaps our fear is that we shall miss our train, or our next appointment, if this irritating bore continues to delay us with his interminable talk. Again, decision is the remedy. If there is anything to be done, do it; if not, accept the situation. Another remedy, and one frequently efficacious, is to ask ourselves what we are afraid of, what is the worst that can happen. If we do miss this train, is there not another in half an hour? Yet there are those who suffer enough from irritation over the possibility of losing the first one, to counteract a week's pleasure.

One of the commonest of all causes of irritation is the pressure of the weaknesses of others on similar weaknesses in oneself. "It is intolerable that Jones's absurd vanity should claim all the credit for that success when I"—and so on. Why is patronage irritating, as it most undeniably is? Because it presses on one's own precious vanity. It might amuse, but it could not irritate, either humility or true self-respect. Usually if a man irritates others by talking too much of himself, it is, in the last analysis, because he interferes with their desire to talk of themselves; and so on through a long list. Recognition that the true cause of the irritation we feel, is not the other man's weakness but our own, may not overcome it entirely so long as our weakness lasts, but it will go a long way toward doing so.

Unquestionably, the best way to attack any fault is by the cultivation of the opposite virtue. We shall, however, strive in vain to cure irritation by the cultivation of patience. That is much too negative a method of attack. We can say endlessly: "I will be patient with this idiot—I mean, I will be patient with this brother. Oh! why does he not stop talking and go away? I will be patient,—" and so on; and we get nowhere. The virtue with which to oppose irritation is not patience but sympathy. Nothing kills irritation more swiftly. In fact, anything that tends to take our attention from our desires or fears, our likes or dislikes, will tend to restore our equanimity. This may be done by an impersonal study of our own reaction to the situation, by the effort to locate the particular weakness or desire that is being pressed upon, or by realizing when and where we ourselves do just the same annoying things, and why we do them. It may be done by sympathy with the irritant, who, if he be really irritating, is much more in need of sympathy than we, for our pain will soon end, whereas he has to live with himself.

A sense of humour will save any situation. It is interesting, incidentally, to realize that humour is a quality that begins with man and is rarely found below him in the scale of evolution. It is a gift unlike anything else and would be utterly unimaginable until experienced. It could not possibly be described to one who had no knowledge of it. Such letters from Masters as have been handed down, would indicate that the sense of humour grows keener and keener the higher we ascend in the scale of evolution. It makes one wonder how many more delightful surprises, equally indescribable and unimaginable until experienced, the universe may have in store for us, when at last we

reluctantly permit ourselves to be dragged upward toward them in the slow course of our spiritual ascent.

Imagination is the unsuspected cause of a great deal of irritation. We make a mental picture of the way in which we want something done or someone else to act, and then the someone else, unaware of our picture, innocently spoils it for us. Perhaps a busy executive's picture of what he wants from a subordinate is a terse, quick report of the essentials of a situation. Instead, the subordinate makes an exhaustive, careful and slow analysis of every detail, to the exasperation of the superior, eager to turn to other pressing matters. The next time, his picture may be of the careful, detailed report, and the subordinate makes it terse, omitting just the details that the superior happened to want. He fails to realize how much of his irritation is due to the clashing of what actually occurs, with his picture of what he wanted. More often still, it is some aspect of our vanity's picture of ourselves that is unwittingly broken, in all ignorance, by someone who never happened to share, or even to suspect, that particular illusion of ours.

Self-importance, combined with a wrong mental picture of the way in which a man acts who really has important things to do, is another prolific cause of outbreaks at others. "Don't bother me with that now. Can't you see I am much too busy for such trifles?" etc., etc. For some strange reason, an air of harassed pre-occupation feeds the sense of self-importance of the inexperienced, and is unconsciously assumed for that purpose. All that is needed here is a right ideal, a little experience of the quietude with which a really efficient executive does his work, and of the impression he creates of having all the time in the world to give to the work in hand, whatever it may be.

If its expression be consistently checked, the irritation itself will, in time, shrivel and die of starvation; but to bring this about it is essential that it be denied all mental, as well as all outer expression. For this, the imagination must be resolutely controlled. Irritation gathers momentum. The first time that someone steps roughly on a particularly beloved bit of a man's vanity, he probably controls himself and is outwardly polite. Later, however, the mind indulges itself in thinking over all the crushing things it would like to have said in reply, making mental pictures of the vigorous rebuke, so amply deserved, asking itself who this person is, anyway, to say such things; and so on and on, perhaps for hours or even days. All of these imaginative pictures form moulds in the mind. The next time that particular thing happens, the moulds are all there, ready for use, while the moulds of the pleasant things that afterwards one would wish to have said, are not there. The force of irritation surges up, finds a ready-made model of thought, eager for expression, and, before he realizes it, the man finds himself saying what he had permitted himself to imagine—usually to his deep chagrin.

Thought always tends to express itself in action. In fact, the purpose of all thought should be to prepare the way for action. It is a principle that nothing so strengthens the will as the immediate putting of thought into outer expression. There have been hints that lead one to believe that, sooner or later,

all thought works down to expression on the physical plane. Birds and flowers, it has been suggested, may be the working-out of thoughts of grace and beauty,—thoughts of Dhyan Chohans. Perhaps stinging insects may be thoughts of scandal which we ourselves thought, millions of years ago. However that may be, a little observation of ourselves will show the direct connection between outbreaks of irritation and prior self-indulgence in mental complaints and imaginings. When the moulds have not been prepared, the outbreaks are far less likely to occur.

No one, in short, should ever permit himself to make imaginative pictures of anything at all that he is unwilling to put into action. Such pictures both create a tendency to act in the way imagined, and also lock up in the picture a greater or less amount of our vital force—all too limited at best—rendering it unavailable for our use elsewhere. No one can afford to weaken himself, as everyone of us has urgent need for all the force he can command. It is, in fact, only the man who has his imagination under control who can bring anything like the full force of his nature to bear where he himself wills to bring it. Others have available at any one time only a fraction of the power that they might wield.

Mental complaint is as weakening as wrong imagination, and is always futile. Either there is something that can be done to better the situation, or there is not. If there is—obviously what is called for is action, and not complaint. If nothing can be done about it, our complaint can only be directed against High Heaven, for ordering the universe in general, and our lives in particular, in a way that fails to please us,—an attitude from which it would seem that our sense of humour might save us more often than it does.

J. F. B. M.

Read the philosophers, and learn how to make life happy, seeking useful precepts and brave and noble words, which may become deeds.—SENECA.

CYCLIC IMPRESSION AND RETURN AND OUR EVOLUTION

LECTURE, BY W. Q. JUDGE, APRIL 25, 1892, BEFORE THE CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MR. CHAIRMAN, FELLOW THEOSOPHISTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The title of what I am about to say to you is "Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution." Now what is a cycle? It has nothing to do with the word psychic, and I am sorry to have to say that, because I heard some people this morning repeat the title as "psychic" instead of "cyclic," seeming to think perhaps that that was the same thing, or had some relation to it. The word cyclic is derived from the Greek word *Kuklos*, or a ring. It has been turned in the English language into the word cycle, by the process of saying Kykle, and then cycle. The corresponding word in the Sanscrit is *Kalpa*, which has in fact a wider and a deeper meaning; because cycle in English is a word which covers, is used for, and thus somewhat confuses, many cycles. It is used for the small cycles, and the larger cycles, the intermediate cycles and the great ones, whereas the word *Kalpa* means and implies only one cycle of a large size, and the smaller cycles within that are designated by other words.

What is a cycle? It is a circle, a ring. But not properly a ring like a wedding ring, which runs into itself, but more properly like a screw thread, which takes the form of a spiral, and thus beginning at the bottom, turns on itself, and goes up. It is something like the great Horseshoe Curve in the Pennsylvania Railroad. There you go around the curve at the lower end; you go down into the horseshoe, and as you turn the grade rises, so that when you arrive at the opposite side you have got no further than the beginning, but you have risen just the distance between the two ends of the grade.

But what do we mean by a cycle in Theosophy, in our own investigations of nature, or man, or civilization, or our own development, our own origin, our own destiny? We mean by cycles, just what the Egyptians, the Hindoos and the philosophers of the Middle Ages meant by it; that is, that there is a periodical return or cycling back, circling back of something from some place once more. That is why it is called cycle, inasmuch as it returns upon itself, seemingly; but in the theosophical doctrine, and in the ancient doctrines, it

is always a little higher in the sense of perfection or progress. That is to say, as the Egyptians held, cycles prevail everywhere, things come back again, events return, history comes back, and so in this century we have the saying: "History repeats itself."

But where do theosophists say that cyclic law prevails? We say that it prevails everywhere. It prevails in every kingdom of nature, in the animal kingdom, the mineral world, the human world; in history, in the sky, on the earth. We say that not only do cycles pertain, and appertain, and obtain in and to the earth and its inhabitants, but also in what the Hindoos call the three kingdoms of the universe, the three worlds; that is, that below us, ourselves, and that above.

Now, if you will turn to Buckle, a great writer of the English school, you will find him saying in one of his standard books, a great book often quoted, that there is no doubt cyclic law prevails in regard to nations, that they have come back apparently the same, only slightly improved or degraded, for there is also a downward cycle included within those that rise; but Buckle did not discover a law. He simply once more stated what the ancients had said over and over again. And it has always seemed to me that if Buckle and other people of that kind would pay a little more attention to the ancients, they would save themselves a great deal of trouble, for he obtained his law by much delving, much painstaking labour, whereas he might have got the law if he had consulted the ancients, who always taught that there were cycles, and that there always will be cycles.

Among the ancients they had a great many large and important cycles. In their classification they had a Saros and a Naros, which are not understood to-day by us. They are known to some extent, but what exactly they are, we do not know. The Egyptians taught that there was a great sidereal cycle, and that is recognised to-day, at last; that is the cycle of 25,000 years, the great one caused by the fact that the sun goes through the signs of the Zodiac in that length of time. Now, I do not assume that you know nothing about astronomy, but in order to make it clear, it will be better for me to state this over again, just as it is. The sun goes through the signs of the Zodiac from day to day and from year to year, but at the same time, in going through the signs of the Zodiac, he goes back slowly, like the hands of a clock ticking off the time. In going through that period he comes back to the same point again, and retards himself, or goes back; that is called the precession of the equinoxes, and it is so many seconds in such a length of time. Those seconds in the sky turned into time show you that the sun takes 25,000 and odd years to come back to the place from which he started out at any particular time; that is to say, if you imagine that on the first of April, this year, the sun was in such a degree of Aries, one of the signs of the Zodiac, he will not get back to that sign by the precession of the equinoxes until 25,000 years have passed away.

Now, the sun is the centre of our solar system and the earth revolves around it, and as the earth revolves she turns upon her axis. The sun, it is known now

by astronomers, as it was known by the ancients (who were ourselves in fact), revolves around a centre. That is, that while we are going around the sun, he is going around some other centre, so that we describe in the sky not a circle around the sun, but a spiral, as we move with the sun around his enormous orbit. Now do you grasp that idea exactly? It is a very important one, for it opens up the subject to a very large extent. There is a star somewhere in the sky, we do not know where—some think it is Alcyone, or some other star, some think it may be a star in the Pleiades, and some others think it is a star somewhere else—but they know by deduction from the known to the unknown that the sun is attracted himself by some unknown centre, and that he turns around it in an enormous circle, and as he turns, of course he draws the earth with him. In the course of 25,000 years in going around the signs of the Zodiac, he must take the earth into spaces where it has never yet been, for when he reaches this point in Aries after 25,000 years, it is only apparently the same point, just as when I came around the curve of the Horseshoe, I started around the first point and went around the curve, came back to the same point, but I was higher up; I was in another position. And so, when the sun gets back again to the point in Aries, where he was on the first of April this year, he will not be in the exact position in the universe of space, but he will be somewhere else, and in his journey of 25,000 years through billions upon billions of miles, he draws the earth into spaces where she never was before, and never will be as that earth again. He must draw her into cosmic spaces where things are different, and thus cause changes in the earth itself, for changes in cosmic matter in the atmosphere, in the space where the sun draws the earth, must affect the earth and all its inhabitants. The ancients investigated this subject, and declared long ago this 25,000 years' cycle, but it is only just lately, so to speak, that we are beginning to say we have discovered this. We know, as nineteenth century astronomers, that it is a fact, or that it must be a fact, from deduction, but they knew it was a fact because they had observed it themselves and recorded the observations.

The Egyptians had also the cycle of the moon, which we know, and they had more cycles of the moon than we have, for the moon not only has her cycle of twenty-eight days, when she changes from full to disappearance, and then again to youth, but she also has a period of return somewhere over fourteen years, which must itself have its effect upon the earth.

Then they said, also, that the human soul had its cycles, each being 5,000 years. That is, the man died, or the king died, and his body was turned into a mummy in the hope that when, after his five thousand years' cycle had elapsed and he came back once more to earth, he would find his mummy there? No; but that no one else should have taken his mummied atoms and made a bad use of them. Mummification is explained by us in another way. Their knowledge of the law of cycles caused them to make the first mummy. They held that a human soul returned; they also held that all atoms are alive, just as we do; that they are sensitive points; that they have intelligence belonging to the plane on which they are, and that the man

who misuses atoms of matter, such as you have in your bodies and your brains, must stand the consequences. Consequently, saying that to themselves, they said, "If I die, and leave those atoms, which I have used so well, perhaps some other man will take them and use them badly, so I will preserve them as far as possible until I return, and then by a process destroy the combination of atoms, absorb them into some place, or position, where they might be put to good use." That may seem offensive to some to-day, but I am merely repeating the theory. I am not saying whether I believe it or not.

The ancient Egyptians who held these theories have disappeared and left nothing behind but the pyramids, the temples of Thebes, the Sphinxes and all the great monuments which are slowly being discovered by us. Where have they gone? Have they come back? Do the Copts now in Egypt represent them? I think not, although heredity is the boasted explanation of everything. The Copts are their descendants? They know nothing, absolutely nothing but a simple language, and they live the life of slaves, and yet they are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians! What has become of them? The ancient Egyptians we think were co-labourers with the ancient Hindoos, whose cycle remains; that is to say, whose descendants remain, holding the knowledge, in part, of their forefathers, and we find that the Hindoos have held always the same theories as to cycles as the Egyptians held. They divided the ages of the world. They say manifestation begins, and then it lasts for a period called a Kalpa, an enormous number of years; that Kalpa is divided into ages. The small cycle is composed of a large number of years; one will be four thousand, another four hundred thousand, another will be a million, and so on, making a total which we cannot grasp with the mind but which we can write upon paper.

Now, the idea of cycles came from the Hindoos, through the nations who spread out from there, for it is admitted that the land of Hindustan is the cradle of the race. The Aryan race came down into Christendom, so that we find the Christians, the Romans, the Greeks and all people around that time holding the same theories as to cycles; that is, that cyclic law prevails everywhere. We find it in the ancient mystics, the Christian mystics, the Middle Age mystics and the mystics of times nearer to ours.

If you will read the works of Higgins, who wrote the Anacalypsis, you will find there laborious compilations and investigations on the subject of the cycles. Do they obtain? Is there such a thing as a cycle which affects human destiny?

Coming closer to our own personal life, we can see that cycles do and must prevail, for the sun rises in the morning and goes to the centre of the sky, descends in the west; the next day he does the same thing, and following him, you rise. You come to the highest point of your activity, and you go to sleep. So day follows night and night follows day. Those are cycles, small cycles, but they go to make the greater ones. You were born, at about seven years of age you began to get discretion to some extent. A little longer and

you reach manhood, then you begin to fail, and at last you finish the great day of your life when the body dies.

In looking at nature we also find that there are summer and winter, spring and autumn. These are cycles, and every one of them affects the earth, with the human beings upon it.

The esoteric doctrine that has been talked about, the inner doctrine of the old theosophists and the present day theosophists, to be found in every old literature and religious book, is that cyclic law is the supreme law governing our evolution; that reincarnation, which we talk so much about, is cyclic law in operation, and is supreme. For what is reincarnation but a coming back again to life, just what the ancient Egyptians taught and which we are finding out to be probably true, for in no other way than by this cyclic law of reincarnation can we account for the problems of life that beset us; with this we account for our own character, each one different from the other, and with a force peculiar to each person.

This being the supreme law, we have to consider another one, which is related to it and contained in the title I have adopted. That is the law of the return of impressions. What do we mean by that? I mean, those acts and thoughts performed by a nation—not speaking about the things that affect nature, although it is governed by the same law—constitute an impression. That is to say, your coming to this convention creates in your nature an impression. Your going into the street and seeing a street brawl creates an impression. Your having a quarrel last week and denouncing a man, or with a woman and getting very angry, creates an impression in you, and that impression is as much subject to cyclic law as the moon, and the stars, and the world, and is far more important in respect to your development—your personal development or evolution—than all these other great things, for they affect you in the mass, whereas these little ones affect you in detail.

This theosophical doctrine in respect to cycles, and the evolution of the human race, I think is known to you all, for I am assuming that you are all theosophists.

It is to be described somewhat in this way: Imagine that before this earth came out of the gaseous condition there existed an earth somewhere in space, let us call it the moon, for that is the exact theory. The moon was once a large and vital body full of beings. It lived its life, went through its cycles, and at last having lived its life, after vast ages had passed away, came to the moment when it had to die; that is, the moment came when the beings on that earth had to leave it, because its period had elapsed, and then began from that earth the exodus. You can imagine it as a flight of birds migrating. Did you ever see birds migrate? I have seen them migrate in a manner that perhaps not many of you have. In Ireland, and perhaps in England, the swallows migrate in a manner very peculiar. When I was a boy, I used to go to my uncle's place where there was an old mass of stone ruins at the end of the garden, and by some peculiar combination of circumstances the swallows of the whole neighbouring counties collected there. The way they gathered

there was this: When the period arrived, you could see them coming in all parts of the sky, and they would settle down and twitter on this pile of stone all day, and fly about. When the evening came—twilight—they rose in a body and formed an enormous circle. It must have been over forty feet in diameter, and that circle of swallows flew around in the sky, around this tower, around and around for an hour or two, making a loud twittering noise, and that attracted from other places swallows who had probably forgotten the occasion. They kept that up for several days, until one day the period arrived when they must go, and they went away—some were left behind, some came a little early, and some came too late. Other birds migrate in other ways. And so these human birds migrated from the moon to this spot where the earth began (I don't know where it is—a spot in space—) and settled down as living beings, entities, not with bodies, but beings, in that mass of matter, at that point in space, informed it with life, and at last caused this earth to become a ball with beings upon it. And then cycles began to prevail, for the impressions made upon these fathers when they lived in the ancient—mind fails to think how ancient—civilization of the moon, came back again when they got to this earth, and so we find the races of the earth rising up and falling, rising again and falling, rising and falling, and at last coming to what they are now, which is nothing to what they will be, for they go ever higher and higher. That is the theory, broadly, and in that is included the theory of the races, the great seven races who inhabited the earth successively, the great seven Adams who peopled the earth; and at last when this earth shall come to its time of life, its period, all the beings on it will fly away from it to some other spot in space to evolve new worlds as Elder Brothers who have done the same thing before in other spaces in nature. We are not doing this blindly. It has been done before by others—no one knows when it began. It had nothing in the way of a beginning, it will have no end, but there are always Elder Brothers of the race, who live on. As some have written, we cannot turn back the cycles in their course. The fire of patriotism cannot prevail against the higher destiny which will plunge a nation into darkness. All we can do is to change it here and there a little. The Elder Brothers are subject to law, but they have confidence and hope, because that law merely means that they appear to go down, in order to rise again at a greater height. So we have come up through the cyclic law from the lowest kingdoms of nature. That is, we are connected in an enormous brotherhood, which includes not only the white people of the earth and the black people of the earth, and the yellow people, but the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the mineral kingdom and the unseen elemental kingdom. You must not be so selfish as to suppose that it includes only men and women. It includes everything, every atom in this solar system. And we come up from lower forms, and are learning how so to mould and fashion, use and abuse, or impress the matter that comes into our charge, into our bodies, our brains and our psychical nature, that that matter shall be an improvement to be used by the younger brothers who are still below us, perhaps in the stone beneath our feet.

I do not mean by that that there is a human being in that stone. I mean that every atom in the stone is not dead matter. There is no dead matter anywhere, but every atom in that stone contains a life, unintelligent, formless, but potential, and at some period in time far beyond our comprehension, all of those atoms in that stone will have been released. The matter itself will have been refined, and at last all in this great cycle of progress will have been brought up the steps of the ladder, in order to let some others lower still, in a state we cannot understand, come up to them.

That is the real theory. Is that superstition? If you believe the newspapers that is superstition, for they will twist and turn everything you say. Your enemies will say you said there was a man in that stone, and that you have been a stone. You have not been a stone, but the great monad, the pilgrim who came from other worlds has been in every stone, has been in every kingdom, and now has reached the state of man, to show whether he is able to continue being a man, or whether he will once more fall back, like the boy at school who will not learn, into the lowest class.

Now then, this law of impressions I have been talking about can be illustrated in this way: If you look at one of these electric lights—take away all the rest, leaving one only, so as to have a better impression—you will find the light makes an image on the retina, and when you shut your eye, this bright filament of light made by a carbon in an incandescent lamp will be seen by you in your eye. You can try it, and see for yourselves. If you keep your eye closed and watch intently, you will see the image come back a certain number of counts, it will stay a certain number of counts, it will go away in the same length of time and come back again, always changing in some respect but always the image of the filament, until at last the time comes when it disappears apparently because other impressions have rubbed it out or covered it over. That means that there is a return, even in the retina, of the impression of this filament. After the first time, the colour changes each time, and so it keeps coming back at regular intervals, showing that there is a cyclic return of impression in the retina, and if that applies in one place, it applies in every place. When we look into our moral character we find the same thing, for as we have the tides in the ocean, explained as they say by the moon,—which in my opinion does not explain it, but of course, being no scientist my view is not worth much—so in man we have tides, which are called return of these impressions; that is to say, you do a thing once, there will be a tendency to repeat; you do it twice, and it doubles its influence —a greater tendency to do that same thing again—so on all through, our character shows this constant return of cyclic impression. We have these impressions from every point in space, every experience we have been through, everything that we can possibly go through at any time, even those things which our forefathers went through. And that is not unjust for this reason, that our forefathers furnished the line of bodily encasement, and we cannot enter that line of bodily encasement unless we are like unto it, and for that reason we must have been at some point in that cycle, in that same line or

family in the past, so that I must have had a hand, in the past, in constructing the particular family line in which I now exist, and am myself once more taking up the cyclic impression returning upon me.

This has the greatest possible bearing upon our evolution as particular individuals, and that is the only way in which I wish to consider the question of evolution here; not the broad question of the evolution of the universe, but our own evolution, which means our bodily life, as Madame Blavatsky, repeating the ancients, said to us so often, and as we found said by so many of the same school. An opportunity will arise for you to do something; you do not do it; you may not have it again for one hundred years. It is the return before you of some old thing that was good, if it be a good one, along the line of the cycles. You neglect it, as you may, and the same opportunity will return, mind you, but it may not return for many hundred years. It may not return until another life, but it will return under the same law.

Now take another case. I have a friend who is trying to find out all about theosophy, and about a psychic nature, but I have discovered that he is not paying the slightest attention to this subject of the inevitable return upon himself of these impressions which he creates. I discovered he had periods of depression, (and this will answer for everybody) when he had a despondency that he could not explain. I said to him, you have had the same despondency may-be seven weeks ago, may-be eight weeks ago, may-be five weeks ago. He examined his diary and his recollection, and he found that he had actual recurrences of despondency about the same distance apart. Well, I said, that explains to me how it is coming back. But what am I to do? Do what the old theosophists taught us; that is, we can only have these good results by producing opposite impressions to bad ones. So, take this occasion of despondency. What he should have done was, that being the return of an old impression, to have compelled himself to feel joyous, even against his will, and if he could not have done that, then to have tried to feel the joy of others. By doing that, he would have implanted in himself another impression, that is of joy, so that when this thing returned once more, instead of being of the same quality and extension, it would have been changed by the impression of joy or elation and the two things coming together would have counteracted each other, just as two billiard balls coming together tend to counteract each other's movements. This applies to every person who has the "blues." This does not apply to me, and I think it must be due to the fact that in some other life I have had the "blues." I have other things, but the "blues" never.

I have friends and acquaintances who have these desponding spells. It is the return of old cyclic impressions, or the cyclic return of impressions. What are you to do? Some people say, I just sit down and let it go; that is to say, you sit there and create it once more. You cannot rub it out if it has been coming, but when it comes start up something else, start up cheerfulness, be good to some one, then try to relieve some other person who is despondent, and you will have started another impression, which will return at the same

time. It does not make any difference if you wait a day or two to do this. The next day, or a few days after will do, for when the old cyclic impression returns, it will have dragged up the new one, because it is related to it by association.

This has a bearing also on the question of the civilization in which we are a point ourselves.

Who are we? Where are we going? Where have we come from? I told you that the old Egyptians disappeared. If you inquire into Egyptian history, the most interesting because the most obscure, you will find, as the writers say, that the civilization seems to rise to the zenith at once. We do not see when it began. The civilization was so great it must have existed an enormous length of time to get to that height, so that we cannot trace it from its beginning, and it disappears suddenly from the sky; there is nothing of it left but the enormous remains which testify to these great things, for the ancient Egyptians not only made mummies in which they displayed an art of bandaging that we cannot better, but they had put everything to such a degree of specialization that we must conclude they had had many centuries of civilization. There was a specialist for one eye and a specialist for the other, a specialist for the eyebrow, and so on. In my poor and humble opinion, we are the Egyptians.

We have come back again, after our five thousand or whatever years' cycle it is, and we have dragged back with us some one called the Semitic race, with which we are connected by some old impression that we cannot get rid of, and so upon us is impinged that very Semitic image. We have drawn back with us, by the inevitable law of association in cyclic return, some race, some personages connected with us by some act of ours in that great old civilization now disappeared, and we cannot get rid of it; we must raise them up to some other plane as we raise ourselves.

I think in America is the evidence that this old civilization is coming back, for in the theosophical theory nothing is lost. If we were left to records, buildings and the like, they would soon disappear and nothing could ever be recovered; there never would be any progress. But each individual in the civilization, wherever it may be, puts the record in himself, and when he comes into the favourable circumstances described by Patanjali, an old Hindoo, when he gets the apparatus, he will bring out the old impression. The ancients say each act has a thought under it, and each thought makes a mental impression; and when the apparatus is provided, there will then arise that new condition, in rank, place and endowment.

So we retain in ourselves the impression of all the things that we have done, and when the time comes that we have cycled back, over and over again, through the Middle Ages perhaps, into England, into Germany, into France, we come at last to an environment such as is provided here, just the thing physically and every other way to enable us to do well, and to enable the others who are coming after us. I can almost see them; they are coming in a little army from the countries of the old world to endeavour to improve this

one; for here ages ago there was a civilization also, perhaps we were in it then, perhaps anterior to the ancient Egyptians. It disappeared from here, when we do not know, and it left this land arid for many thousands of years until it was discovered once more by the Europeans. The ancient world, I mean Europe, has been poisoned, the land has been soaked with the emanations, poisoned by the emanations of the people who have lived upon it; the air above it is consequently poisoned by the emanations from the land; but here in America, just the place for the new race, is an arable land which has had time over and over again to destroy the poisons that were planted here ages and ages ago. It gives us a new land, with vibrations in the air that stir up every particle in a man who breathes it, and thus we find the people coming from the old world seeming to receive through their feet the impressions of an American country. All this bears upon our civilization and race.

We are here a new race in a new cycle, and persons who know say that a cycle is going to end in a few years and a new one begin, and that that ending and beginning will be accompanied by convulsions of society and of nature. We can all almost see it coming. The events are very complete in the sky. You remember Daniel says, "A time, half a time, and a time," and so on, and people in the Christian system have been trying to find out the time when the time began, and that is just the difficulty. We do not know when the time began. And the only person who in all these many years has made a direct statement is Madame Blavatsky, and she said, "A cycle is ending in a few years, you must prepare." So that it was like the old prophets who came to the people and said, "Prepare for a new era of things, get ready for what you have to do." That is just what this civilization is doing. It is the highest, although the crudest, civilization now on the earth. It is the beginning of the great civilization that is to come, when old Europe has been destroyed; when the civilizations of Europe are unable to do any more, then this will be the place where the new great civilization will begin to put out a hand once more to grasp that of the ancient East, who has sat there silently doing nothing all these years, holding in her ancient crypts and libraries and records the philosophy which the world wants, and it is this philosophy and this ethics that the Theosophical Society is trying to give you. It is a philosophy you can understand and practise.

It is well enough to say to a man, Do right, but after a while, in this superstitious era, he will say, Why should I do right, unless I feel like it? When you are showing these laws, that he must come back in his cycle; that he is subject to evolution; that he is a reincarnated pilgrim soul, then he will see the reason why, and then in order to get him a secure basis, he accepts the philosophy, and that is what the Theosophical Society and the Theosophical Movement are trying to do. It was said the other day, in speaking of a subject like this, that the end and aim is the great renunciation. That is, that after progressing to great heights, which you can only do by unselfishness, at last you say to yourself, "I may take the ease to which I am entitled." For what prevails in one place must prevail in another, and in the course of progress

we must come at last to a time when we can take our ease; but if you say to yourself, "I will not take it, for as I know this world and all the people on it are bound to live and last for many thousand years more, and if not helped perhaps might fail, I will not take it but I will stay here and I will suffer, because of having greater knowledge and greater sensitiveness"—this is the great renunciation as theosophy tells us. I know we do not often talk this way, because many of us think that the people will say to us at once when we talk of the great renunciation, "I don't want it; it is too much trouble." So generally we talk about the fine progress, and how you will at last escape the necessity of reincarnation, and at last escape the necessity of doing this or that and the other, but if you do your duty, you must make up your mind when you reach the height, when you know all, when you participate in the government of the world—not of a town, but the actual government of the world and the people upon it—instead of sleeping away your time, you will stay to help those who are left behind, and that is the great renunciation. That is what is told of Buddha, and of Jesus. Doubtless the whole story about Jesus is based upon the same thing that we call renunciation. He was crucified after two or three years' work. But we say it means that this Being Divine resolves he will crucify himself in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of others, so that he can save men. Buddha did the same thing long before Jesus is said to have been born. The story that he made the great renunciation just means that which I have been telling you, instead of escaping from this horrible place, as it seems to us. For this is indeed horrible, as we look at it, surrounded by obstructions, liable to defeat at any moment, liable to wake up in the morning after planning a great reform, and see it dashed to the ground. Instead of escaping all that, he remained in the world and started his doctrine, which he knew at least would be adhered to by some. But this great doctrine of renunciation teaches that instead of working for yourself, you will work to know everything, to do everything in your power for those who may be left behind you, just as Madame Blavatsky says in the *Voice of the Silence*, "Step out of the sunshine into the shade, to make more room for others."

Isn't that better than a heaven which is reached at the price of the damnation of those of your relatives who will not believe a dogma? Is this not a great philosophy and a great religion which includes the salvation and regeneration, the scientific upraising and perfecting of the whole human family, and every particle in the whole universe, instead of imagining that a few miserable beings after seventy years of life shall enter into paradise, and then they look behind to see the torments in hell of those who would not accept a dogma?

What are these other religions compared with that? How any man can continue to believe such an idea as the usual one of damnation for mere unbelief I cannot comprehend. I had rather—if I had to choose—be an idolator of the most pronounced kind, who believed in Indra, and be left with my common reasoning, than believe in such a doctrine as that which permits

me to suppose that my brother who does not believe a dogma is sizzling in hell while I, by simply believing, may enjoy myself in heaven.

Theosophists, if they will learn the doctrine and try to explain it, will reform this world. It will percolate everywhere, infiltrate into every stratum of society and prevent the need of legislation. It will alter the people, whereas if you go on legislating and leaving this world's people as they are, you will have just what happened in France. Capitalists in that day, in the day of the Revolution—that is the royalists—oppressed the people. At last the people rose up and philosophers of the day instituted the reign of reason, and out of the reign of reason—mind you they had introduced there a beautiful idea of mankind, but the idea struck root in a soil that was not prepared—came the practice of murdering other people by the wholesale until streams of blood ran all over France. So you see if something is not done to raise the people, what the result will be. We have seen in Chicago the result of such acts, the mutterings of such a storm, if the theosophical philosophy—call it by any other name you like—is not preached and understood. But if these old doctrines are not taught to the race you will have a revolution, and instead of making progress in a steady, normal fashion, you will come up to better things through storm, trouble and sorrow. You will come up, of course, for even out of revolutions and blood there comes progress, but isn't it better to have progress without that? And that is what the theosophical philosophy is intended for. That is why the Mahâtmas we were talking about, directing their servant H. P. Blavatsky, as they have directed many before, came out at a time when materialism was fighting religion and was about getting the upper hand, and once more everything moved forward in its cyclic way and these old doctrines were revivified under the guidance of the Theosophical Movement. They are doctrines that explain all problems and in the universal scheme give man a place as a potential god.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

You would not think any duty small if you yourself were great.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

Authority

THE question of "authority" still arises occasionally to trouble the minds of inexperienced members. Let it be said once more, therefore, that nothing which appears in "Notes and Comments," or in the "Screen of Time," has any more "authority" than the anonymous contribution of our newest and youngest student. Every statement made, and every opinion expressed, must stand or fall on its own merits. This is not merely because the Constitution and By-Laws of The Theosophical Society provide for a free platform and, in effect, prohibit "authoritative" statements by individual members, but because, in all sincerity, it would be revolting to every writer for the Quarterly if his contributions were accepted on any other basis.

The Theosophical Society and Chêlaship

The "Interloper," as he prefers to describe himself—whose question about the Eucharist was discussed in the last "Screen of Time"—has addressed a thoroughly theosophical letter to the "Philosopher," raising other problems under the same head; but, as the "Philosopher," who is responsible for the original answer, is absent temporarily, it seems best to postpone further consideration of the subject until the January issue. Meanwhile, however, it cannot be repeated too often that there is room in The Theosophical Society for every kind of orthodoxy,—for the most orthodox of Roman Catholics, as for Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, not to speak of Buddhists, Mohammedans, Vedantins, Agnostics, Positivists and others, whose hearts are big enough to sympathize with the religious aspirations of those whose beliefs are different from their own, and whose minds are broad enough to realize that no formulation of the truth can possibly be final or complete. Not only is there room for them in the Society, but the Masters themselves must be grateful for so theosophical and helpful a spirit. If a member were a Baptist, and were to tell us that, in his opinion, our belief in Reincarnation and Karma is a superstition, we should be neither offended nor disturbed. He is just as much entitled to his opinion as we are to the opinion that total immersion is unnecessary for salvation, and that it is a childish materialization of a symbol. We must trust him to be as tolerant of what he may regard as our blindness, as we are tolerant of what we may regard as his lack of experience. In any case, both of us must be free to say what we think, for otherwise the Society would lose its significance, so admirably explained in the pamphlet, *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy*, by H. B. Mitchell.

When it comes to Chêlaship, however, the situation is radically different. No member of the Society loses caste or standing by declaring frankly that he neither believes in it nor wants it; but those who do aspire to that higher level of consciousness must obey the laws which govern there, just as those who would learn to swim or fly must obey the laws of the plane which they desire to master. In the one case as in the other, they must obey or perish, for these laws are not arbitrary, but are inherent in the nature of the forces involved.

The laws of Chêlaship were formulated before the dawn of history. Shankara Acharya, in *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, recorded them exoterically. Just as certain qualifications are necessary if a man would learn to swim or to fly (a reasonably sound heart, for instance), so there are other qualifications which are essential to success in Chêlaship. One of these is given by Shankara as "the condition of refusing to lean on external things" (*Uparati*). Commentators include in its meaning: "the renunciation of all formal religion," in the sense that an aspirant must not "allow his sympathies and usefulness to be narrowed by the domination of any particular ecclesiastical system"; his condition must be one of "non-dependence upon rites and ceremonies and ritual."

There are stages of growth in our attitude toward "creatures," using that word in the sense of non-eternal things. Take, for instance, the question of money: at an elementary stage, the desire for money and dependence upon money are normal and proper, just as it is proper for a child, learning to walk, to depend upon the support of chairs or other objects. As the individual develops, he should become rightly indifferent to money. This is a critical stage. It is easy to become wrongly indifferent, as the result of laziness, or self-indulgence in some hobby (possibly a "religious" hobby). The right indifference of this second stage is really a process of detachment,—a movement rather than a stopping-place. To complete it, may be the work of several incarnations, depending upon the extent to which the individual has been attached. Some of the exoteric religious orders, in which the vow of poverty is interpreted in its dead-letter sense, probably are used by the Lords of Karma, the great Physicians of souls, to promote the cure of over-attachment. Then comes the third stage: the personality having learned detachment, the real man is now free to use money rightly, and to work for it with all his might if that be his duty. He is no longer dependent upon it; he is no longer under it: he is above it. Being above it, he can use it for the purposes of the Master whose servant he is.

Exactly the same stages of growth can be traced in the right use of food, —and of religious observances, sacraments, ceremonies, church-goings. Dependence upon such things, and a healthy appetite for them, is at one stage normal and proper. If, at that stage, the appetite should become excessive and abnormal, the process of detachment may be long and difficult; but it must be complete before Chêlaship is possible, because Chêlaship means absolute freedom of heart and mind to serve the Guru in any circumstances.

Think, for example, of the Master Christ; imagine an ardent Methodist, truly devoted in his way, but steeped in horror of Catholicism, and perhaps regarding a Buddhist as a soul beyond the pale. It would be only along the narrowest rut that such a man could move and serve. He could not be used by his Master. Believing that he loves "Christ," he is in love really with a fiction so utterly foreign to the real character and purposes of Christ that there is only the smallest possible point of contact between himself and the actual Master. In other words, he is not even a Christian, still less a Theosophist; he is a Methodist. Chêlaship is many incarnations beyond him. Yet a Methodist could be a chêla. He could be a member of that Church—perhaps born in it—with full realization that it is one among many, all of them miserable parodies of Christ's desire, all of them man-made and man-distorted, which the Christian Master uses so far as he can, because they are all he has to use; he could be a member of that Church, or of any other, and could work in it with a passion of longing to infuse it with something of his Master's spirit; and then, with open heart and mind, at a hint or less than a whisper of his Master's will, he could go to a Catholic country such as France, and could work with equal zeal for the redemption of souls there, in or out of the Catholic Church indifferently, free as air to conform, or not to conform, because obedient always to the Heavenly Vision, desiring nothing but the conversion of all Churches, as of all souls, to his Master's cause.

A Freemason is a member of a Lodge. He may greatly prefer his own Lodge to any other; but he would be a poor Mason if the welfare of other Lodges, and of Masonry as a whole, did not concern him; while, if he were asked by the proper authorities to transfer his allegiance from one to another, he would not hesitate to do so. A chêla of the Christian Master must regard the different Churches very much as some high Masonic officer would regard the different districts or Lodges, keenly aware of their defects and merits, and doing his utmost to improve them. In this case, however, the Mason would probably think of his organization as the best fitted of any to carry out the purposes of the Great Architect of the Universe, while the chêla would include Masonry as well as all the Churches and a thousand other movements—artistic, literary, scientific—within the sphere of his interest and responsibility, because all of them, at least potentially, would be means to his Master's ends.

It is difficult to conceive how a serious student of Theosophy can remain under the dominion of any particular Church or dogma. The facts speak so convincingly of the soul's detachment,—at one time incarnating as a Catholic (perhaps to be canonized as a Saint), at another time as a Protestant, foreseeing, with complete indifference, that the next incarnation will be in Catholic surroundings without the least surrender of theosophic independence: outer conformity, perhaps, but with the freedom which the mystic carries for ever and everywhere, inviolate in his soul. Symbols and no more, are things and ceremonies and sacraments,—very precious as symbols, and sacred even in substance for the sake of what they represent. Yet always there comes a time when the choice is thrust upon us: will we have Symbol or Reality? Has

not Death ground this into us yet! The Symbol vanishes—a tomb is left in its place—but the Reality endures, as we endure, at home, in the heart of God.

Charity

A friend writes to us from Chicago:

"You will remember the passage in which Maurice Barrès declares that even the student of life must become compassionate if he will learn to look beneath the surface of human nature, because he will then discover how often self-assertion is a cloak for weakness, from which the victim longs to escape, while dryness pushed to the point of acerbity may mean no more than a heart-breaking inability to expand. I was reminded of this a few days ago when reading an interview with some Englishman who has factories both in England and in Japan, and who stated (it amazed me until I stopped to think) that the Japanese workman is much less efficient than the English, because the Japanese is inherently timid. This timidity, or self-distrust, he said, is shown in the way a Japanese will measure and re-measure, relying neither upon his eye nor upon the first use of his gauge or rule or compass.

"I had not thought of the Japanese as timid; quite the contrary. But I suspect the English manufacturer is right, and that this, incidentally, explains the origin of the Spartan discipline of Bushido, for the best and wisest of the race, ages ago, would have recognized the national weakness and would have instituted a system of education to correct it.

"On further thought, my own observation of a Japanese—for I have had opportunity to observe only one of them closely—tends to confirm the Englishman's diagnosis. Some years ago, after trying all kinds of chauffeurs, I made up my mind that it was a mistake to employ a human being to perform that function. A human being has moods and feelings and appetites; he is perhaps obliging one day and disobliging the next, or cheerful and then disconcertingly depressed. It is bad enough to have to live with one's own moods and feelings, but to be shut up in a car for several hours a day with the moods and feelings of a chauffeur, became more than I could endure; and, as a mechanical driver has not yet been invented, I decided to try the Japanese. From wholly superficial observation, I had concluded that their feelings, if any, were so foreign to my own, that they could not meet or touch mine, and therefore could not conflict.

"I am not assuming that the Jap I have employed for the past five years is fairly typical of his race; but he is timid. He lies because he is timid. He refrains from stealing because he is timid. His timidity makes him polite, when he is polite; makes him smile, when he does smile (he reserves his most engaging smile for the police). He is impertinent just so far as he dares to be; but this is not far, and is shown only in the pretence that he has not understood or heard when actually he has. The one thing in him that seems to be stronger than his timidity is a voracious and gigantic appetite. Driv-

ing to the office, he is cautious and slow; driving home, with a meal ahead of him, he goes like the wind and is bold to the point of rashness. He is one of the queerest insects I have ever encountered; and I suspect that the warlike reputation of the Japanese *as a race* can be explained in large measure in the light of his psychology: for many hundreds of years they have been taught to be horribly afraid of being afraid; their inherent timidity has been used as a corrective of their timidity, until, *en masse*, they appear to be unusually pugnacious, which is not a mask or a fiction, but a condition which might result at any time in reckless and ungovernable rage. Their older statesmen are able still to keep the mob in its place, but if Japan were to become a republic, and were to extend the franchise as we have, I suspect it would hurl itself at this country, regardless of consequences, at the first ill-considered word from one of our many irresponsible representatives. We must understand them if we would remain at peace with them, and, whether I have read them aright or not, it is certain that we cannot hope to understand them until we have learned to penetrate beneath the surface, to find perhaps, as Barrès suggests, that an intense and morbid pride is simply a cloak for diffidence and a humiliating sense of weakness. In comparison with us, they are a race of very small men. If our minds were as big as our bodies, perhaps our sympathy would solve the so-called 'problem of the Pacific,'—and many other problems, too."

Love and Pain

The purpose of evolution is conscious union with the Supreme. Every phase of existence serves that purpose by supplying a necessary experience.

Union is the fruit of love, and love of the infinitely good and true and beautiful is the solution of all of life's problems, as it is the means by which the aim of evolution can be attained; but because love is meaningless without appreciation, it follows that progress is impossible without understanding. We can love only in so far as we understand; we can understand only in so far as we love.

Nothing less than the infinite can comprehend the infinite. Man, being finite, can neither love nor understand that which transcends the limits of time and space and causality. He can worship the Supreme only when That is brought within the range of his perception. This is one reason why the Logos, or Voice of the Supreme, has appeared from time to time in human form, saying, Behold my Son. Even so, infinite goodness and truth and beauty have seemed unreal to man, in comparison with the things he could grasp and devour. The universe itself, which, properly understood, is an Incarnation of the Supreme, man reduces to terms of his own mentality, finding in it, at one time, a toy of gods and demons, and, now, a bewildering mechanism thrown together by chance.

Man must learn to distinguish between the real and the unreal, between true goodness and seeming goodness, between true beauty and illusory beauty, between true perception and false. He is alive for no other purpose. He

dreams and must be aroused from his slumber. He mistakes a dim intuition of ultimates for something already within reach. He imagines that, having created a hell, he is entitled already to heaven. Life on earth, he says, ought to be happy; therefore all unhappiness is unjust, all suffering is evil. Struggling to evade the one purpose of earthly existence, he adds perpetually to his misery.

The small boy at school may imagine that he is there solely to amuse himself, and may rebel against every effort to instruct him. It would help him very little merely to surrender, and to accept the hard work of "lessons" grudgingly. He would be happy, however, if he were to give heart and mind to the real purpose of his sojourn.

Life on earth is our one opportunity to learn the difference between the real and the unreal, because it is our one opportunity to react from suffering. After death, we may suffer the torments of the damned or the pains of purgatory—different planes of the Kama-lokic consciousness; or, on the other hand, we may pass into Devachan or heaven. But these are states of reaping, not of sowing; states of assimilation, not of ingestion. It is only on earth that we can suffer creatively, and it might be said with truth that, at the present stage of evolution, the chief purpose of incarnation is to provide opportunity for pain.

In no other way can men be freed from the glamour of unreality. They turn from one of its forms to another, clinging to crude sensations as if these were synonymous with life. Pain, inherent in all deflections and distortions, pain alone releases them, because it compels them to seek a remedy, and at last a cure; and there is no cure for that disease except by the turning of the will from self to the eternal purposes of the Lodge.

If men were to hate sin as they hate pain, the world would soon be a heaven; yet pain is always a blessing. Physically it serves as a signal of distress, a danger-signal. The same is true on the plane of our personal emotions, for without the pain of hurt feelings, of wounded vanity and other moral disorders, we should never set to work to cure them. Beyond these obvious benefits, however, there are blessings in pain which experience alone reveals. Inevitably it can be misused, and man, therefore, often misuses it,—to make his bitterness more bitter and to pile complaint upon old complaint; but it is none the less a ladder between earth and heaven, and it is our own fault if we fail to take advantage of the gift.

Love and suffering are inseparable so long as duality exists; the more we love, the more we must suffer; yet the ability to love is the only reward that wisdom can desire.

The world has wandered far "in the region of unlikeness," basing its philosophy of life upon false premises, vainly imagining that pain and suffering are the greatest of evils. It is for us, students of Theosophy, to confront the world with the truth.

"*Au-dessus de la victoire, plus haut que le succès, il y a quelque chose: le sacrifice.*" T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

April 11th, 1917.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * *

One of the interesting and curious things about you is, that you often analyse your own condition admirably, and in your analysis suggest the appropriate action; as, for instance, in your comment on the reverse of one of these records. Nothing could be truer or better than the way you put it. Go ahead on that basis with confidence and hope. Forget yourself and all the ideas you have of your limitations. You have never begun to use your real powers. It will take time to bring them to the surface where you can use them. The hard things given you to do—and you have been given many difficult tasks this winter—were designed to force out these hidden resources. It is a pleasure and happiness to those who love you to see them come out, even if the process gives you temporary pain.

As always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 11th, 1917.

DEAR ———

The fatigue you speak of in the first part of the last record, may have been given you to deaden a little your outer life and nature, and so leave you freer to feel the more subtile and intangible promptings and activities of the inner life.

You may, if you like, try making a request for daily and hourly "drilling" from ————; but I do not think you need that kind of discipline, or that it is suited to your type and your requirements. If you do try it, part of the experience will be to discover for yourself how to make the request and how to note the response.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM

June 4th, 1917.

DEAR ———

I have thought a good deal about your letter of last Tuesday. You ask what your proper attitude ought to have been in that matter you had occasion to present to me,—where you were conscious that you knew the technic of the case, but I appeared to pay little heed to your opinion. I can readily understand why you were puzzled.

I have found from much experience that when I differ from ———— about matters down town, that I know all about, and which he does not know all about——I am nearly always wrong. I have in mind the technical side of things, and he has in mind the whole situation, of which the usual procedure is an unimportant part. Only he is unfailingly patient in explaining matters, and I am nearly always impatient, if not worse.

In the matter we discussed—I still think my original suggestion is the one to follow. I shall be glad to talk the principle of this over some time if it is not clear.

With kind regards,

As always,

C. A. Griscom.

November 19th, 1917.

Dear ———

Do not forget that, in some measure at least, this is no longer a time for training, but that we are in the fight. Of course training, and the best possible training, continues during the actual fighting. Troops, no matter how well drilled, are not veterans until they have experienced real warfare. But once they leave the training camps and go into active battle, it is not possible to carry on all the niceties of discipline and performance. Too much mud to enable them always to be clean; not always time to shave, etc., etc.

This situation will be felt at ———— in some measure, I am sure. It will be good work to keep things going smoothly, even if you cannot introduce all the innovations you would like. Periods of rest will come, when that can be done, by degrees. So do not worry. Try within the limits of common sense; always keep trying. But do not *worry;* and do not be discouraged. We are fighting great odds—for we are fighting ourselves as well as the very real enemy. In all outer respects, ———— says you should go slow, *slow.*

So go on cheerfully, and do not expect to achieve the ideal all at once.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. Griscom.

New Year's Eve, 1917.

Dear ———

I have read with interest your comments about ————. He is having a difficult time just now. We all get tired, at times, of the constant effort to be good,—that is all of us who are not beyond such frailties. It is not that we have any desire to be bad; it is that we want to be good in our own way, instead of in the way that has been set for us by the Master; never realizing —in the mood—that the Master's way is the very easiest possible, and that our own way would be much harder, if not completely disastrous. It is only a mood, though it may be a dangerous one. When feeling this way, we avoid,

if we can, those people and the conditions which impel us or urge us toward the same old effort. It is very human, and, of course, very foolish. I hope ———— will get over his mood soon, and "carry on," with something of the soldier's fine spirit, which so many thousands are showing daily in the external and lower battle line in France.

New Year's Day.

Since writing the foregoing, I have learned that ———— has got on his feet again. His trouble, in large measure, was due to discouragement,—to lack of faith in himself, and in the love of the Master and of others for him. You will be able to connect this with what you write of your own occasional temptations to "stop short." You will realize, therefore, that the best way to help him is to conquer that tendency completely. . . .

Incidentally, do not forget that a man, when tempted to "stop short," begins to dream foolish dreams of going to the front, and that sort of thing. In that case he needs every kind of anchor to hold him to his job and his duty —you could consequently be described as an anchor. Be thankful that you can serve him in that way, as in so many other ways you do not realize.

With best wishes for the New Year,

I am, as always,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 6th, 1918.

DEAR——

You are a disobedient, cantankerous, disagreeable, perverse, ungenerous thing—and I have no patience with such eruptions of your lower nature.

If it were true that you did not like to use things plastered over with sentiment, you should be ashamed of it and give yourself a good dose of it. Fortunately it is not true. You really love such things, but are afraid to love them. You enjoy them, but are afraid to let yourself go. It is your ancestry, not the real *you;* and in an unimportant matter like this I shall see to it that the real you has a chance.

The idea of your objecting to giving those people for whom you do so much, the pleasure of making you a little gift. Fie on you!

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 16th, 1918.

DEAR ————

I do not feel that you were wise to have read aloud the last "Screen." I think your instincts were against it, and it is a case where your habitual lack of self-confidence led you astray. I refer to the matter solely because of this. The incident itself is unimportant. You should value more highly your own

real feelings and let them guide you much more than you do,—instead of that queer twisted mind of yours, which clouds everything you try to solve with it.

It is your mind, not your real feelings, which pretends to object to that gift. You, yourself, are quite pleased that your friends value you and what you do for them so highly, that they want you to know it in this practical way.

I am pleased with the first part of your record, which I return. You are really doing very well, and we are pleased with you. If you only could be natural it would be so nice, for the real you is very nice:—and the rest of you is not so bad!

With best wishes,
I am, sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

March 25th, 1918.

DEAR ———

. . . Gaiety—yes, if kept within perfect bounds, but no foolishness, no least lowering of tone or standard. Womanly dignity always, at any cost. Grace, sweetness, charm,—all these to be cultivated. But no intimacy; that is fatal. Friendliness, sympathy, the utmost readiness to help and serve, perfect courtesy,—all these; but no familiarity; no cheapness of intercourse; no getting *too close*.

Give yourself in genuine interest and affection, so far as you can, as to those whom the Master loves, and would have you help and serve.

But you are doing very well and do not need advice.

With best wishes,
I am, sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

April 1st, 1918.

DEAR ———

The way to help ———— is to forget yourself. He is probably cursing himself now for being all sorts of a fool. And you are doing pretty much the same thing. Don't! Turn around and be yourself, and maintain the attitude you would like to see ———— maintain. By induction, you can, by being something yourself, induce that condition in him.

Be as selfless as you can, and do what you do without letting yourself get into it.

Yours faithfully,
C. A. GRISCOM.

June 9th, 1918.

DEAR ———

By all means, take an hour a day, more, for prayer. Try it, anyhow. I do not believe you will find that you get less done, but more. That is the

astonishing thing about it. In time you can learn to get the same kind of rest from prayer that you do from sleep, and you can cut your hours of sleep: but do not try this yet.

In using the Stations of the Cross, try to correlate each Station with *your* day. You have had, are having, will have, something in your life, each day, that corresponds to each Station. You will get much light on daily problems and perplexities. . . .

The situation with regard to ———— is complex. The incident to which you refer is nothing; just a common variety of lower nature; a characteristic reaction. We all have them. They show how horrid the lower nature is. We shall have them until we get rid of lower nature.

But your problem with her goes deeper. Both sides are to blame, or, at least, both bring qualities to the common meeting ground which create the barriers and irritation. She, an intense self-centredness, which makes her very dense in spots. You, a distrust of yourself which makes you afraid to act, afraid of her and her moods. You like each other, but you do not trust each other. Neither has ever told the other anything from the real heart of either. Your points of contact are artificial, or, where you have common interests that are real interests, you only speak to each other about what you think you ought to feel and think; not what you really do feel and think.

Yours truly,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 19th, 1918.

DEAR ———

I return recent records. I do not approve of your cutting down your food. Please let me know whether you and any of the others you mention, who have unusual appetites, have cut out any particular article from your diet, like sugar.

In general, you are too impatient. The heaviest cross we have to bear (if it be a real cross and not an imaginary) is that of self: its slowness, its stupidity—what not.

It is a cross which must be carried with the patience and courage with which the Master carries his.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

REVIEWS

The Central Conception of Buddhism, by Th. Stcherbatsky, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Petrograd; Royal Asiatic Society, London, 1923.

Very often, the best way to convey the essence and quality of a book is through a characteristic quotation. We may illustrate this thoughtful, scholarly and valuable book by the following passage (page 26):

"Buddhism never denied the existence of a personality, or a soul, in the empirical sense, it only maintained that it was no ultimate reality (not a *dharma*). The Buddhist term for an individual, a term which is intended to suggest the difference between the Buddhist view and other theories, is *santāna*, i.e., a 'stream,' viz., of interconnected facts. It includes the mental elements and the physical ones as well, the elements of one's own body and the external objects, as far as they constitute the experience of a given personality. The representatives of eighteen classes (*dhātu*) of elements combine together to produce this interconnected stream. There is a special force, called *prāpti*, which holds these elements combined. It operates only within the limits of a single stream and not beyond. This stream of elements kept together, and not limited to present life, but having its roots in past existences and its continuation in future ones—is the Buddhist counterpart of the Soul or the Self of other systems."

This is valuable in itself. It is further valuable as showing the intensive study which is now being directed toward Northern Buddhism, including not only the Sanskrit but also the Tibetan and Chinese texts. It is a further proof that we are escaping from the somewhat superficial and materialistic view of Buddhism which was presented by the translators of an earlier day.

Professor Stcherbatsky writes (page 6): "We cannot but be surprised that from under a cover of Oriental terminology an epitome of matter and mind emerges which very nearly approaches the standpoint of modern European science." He intends this as a sincere tribute to the philosophical worth of Gautama Buddha. But students of Theosophy might be inclined to turn the compliment the other way round, and to say that it is not only surprising but gratifying to find the concepts of modern European science making some approach to the thought of Buddha.

This book is really an analysis of the meaning of Northern Buddhist terms, rather than a revelation of the heart of Buddhism. It bears a close analogy to the great work of Professor Stcherbatsky's distinguished compatriot, Mendeleyeff. The great Russian chemist made a table of the elements, which has proved the starting point for all subsequent thinking in chemistry, but, while he enumerated the elements of life, he did not describe life. This is in no sense to belittle what Professor Stcherbatsky has done; he undertook to do exactly this, and has done it admirably.

Students of Theosophy would question the view that the teaching of the Buddha, or the earlier Upanishads, was the result of speculation, or of analytical thinking and argument. They appear to these students to be rather the result of spiritual experience, expressed in logical and analytical form, but not created by logical or analytical processes. But the first thing is, to ascertain exactly what they mean; and Professor Stcherbatsky has done valuable work in this direction.

C. J.

Lotuses of the Mahāyāna, edited by Kenneth Saunders; The Wisdom of the East series, 1924; price, London *2s 6d*, New York, $1.25.

It would hardly be fair to say that this little book on Northern Buddhism is a complement of the learned work of Professor Stcherbatsky, since it is avowedly popular in form, and makes no claim to original research. But, while the Russian scholar's book in a certain sense gives us Buddhism without the Buddha, the distinctive feature of this little book is the presentation of the Buddha as a living Master.

Take for example this hymn (page 32) from the *Avatamsaka Sūtra*, the Northern Buddhist "Garland of Verses":

> The Blessed One sustaineth all indwelling,
> Yet is He oft for sinful men incarnate.
> Unnumbered are His deeds of loving kindness,
> The ocean of His gracious vows o'erfloweth.
>
> Darkened, infatuate men forge their bondage,
> Arrogant and reckless into folly plunging—
> To them the Blessed One serenely preacheth,
> And all to holiness and joy restoreth.
>
> He is our Refuge, unsurpassed and peerless,
> Our sin and suffering far He putteth from us.
> If sinners seek to meet Him, lo, He cometh!
> Like to clear moon o'er mountain dark arising.

Students of Theosophy have especial cause to be grateful to the editor of this little book for prefacing the texts of Northern Buddhism with passages from the Upanishads, thus affirming that the Upanishads, the teachings of the Buddha, and the writings of his disciples, are undivided parts of the majestic river of the Eastern Wisdom. C. J.

Marie De L'Agnus Dei, Religious of the Society of Marie-Réparatrice, by Mme. S. S.; translated from the fifth French edition by Rev. Michael P. Hill, S. J.; The Macmillan Company, 1923; price, $2.50.

The Life of Mère St. Joseph, Co-Foundress and Second Superior General of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, by a member of the same Institute; translated and abridged from the French edition; Longmans, Green and Co., 1923; $5.00.

The Life of Jeanne Charlotte de Bréchard, 1580-1637, of the Order of the Visitation, by the Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow; Longmans, Green and Co., 1924; price, $4.20.

The really large output of religious biography in France is one of the marked features of French literature to-day. It is a commentary upon the French people themselves in that they should produce so many noteworthy characters, and also that accounts of such lives are in demand. The three biographies, in translation, noted above, are typical of many others, and may interest readers of the QUARTERLY as witnesses to the vitality of religion in France, and of its ability to provide a medium for mystic development and inner spiritual experience. That medium, and the consequent experience, have marked limitations in the light of Theosophy,—few saints have been occultists; but no record of genuine spiritual experience can fail to instruct others who themselves "seek out the way."

The lives of these three nuns are both moving and interesting. Marie de L'Agnus Dei, who was a niece of Réné Bazin, distinguished member of the French Academy, died in 1901 at the age of twenty-four, having consecrated herself to the religious life at fourteen, and having entered the novitiate at eighteen. Hers was, almost from infancy, an irresistible attraction to the interior or contemplative life; and her love for her Master was so great, that she gave herself to suffering, in reparation for the sins of the unrepentant—voluntarily assuming the burden of their Karma. Practically no outward events marked her brief career; but her letters and diary show how rich and full the interior life of communion can be, as well as how sweet and

lovable a child of God she was. Whatever her limitations, or the obvious misunderstandings of the full meaning of discipleship, hers was a soul that can arouse only admiration and respect, both for its courage and generosity, and for its unswerving loyalty.

Marie Blin de Bourdon came of an aristocratic and distinguished French family. Born in 1756, she lived to be eighty-two—till 1838. Unlike Marie Bazin, her religious career did not have a definite beginning until she was past forty, and then was an intensely active one. Early in life, however, her thoughts had been so firmly fixed that no amount of worldly wealth and position, of personal charm and social triumph, had turned her from an abiding conviction that she was specially called, and that God would some day reveal His purposes to her. This revelation came in the trying period after the French Revolution (during which she had been imprisoned), when in ministering to the poor she came in contact with a partly paralyzed peasant woman, who was, nevertheless, an extraordinary character and a "natural" mystic of the highest type. Julie Billiart, already beatified to-day, formed Mme. de Bourdon in the religious life, and together, in secret, they prayed and ministered to the poor. One day Father Varin, the saintly priest who guided Mother Barat and the Society of the Sacred Heart (then just inaugurated), commanded Julie Billiart to found a new teaching Order for the poor;—and Mme. de Bourdon joined her friend in this foundation, her great wealth and position enabling them to surmount many of the obstacles which the aftermath of the Revolution and the Napoleonic régime inevitably placed in their way. The new Mère St. Joseph, with all her brilliant gifts and position, subordinated herself completely to the peasant who was her spiritual guide, worked loyally under her direction in the midst of great hardships and constant hostile intrigue, and after Julie Billiart's death, carried forward the work and spirit which the latter had inaugurated with undiminished zeal and self-sacrifice. The story of her life, her struggles, and the organization and establishment of this new religious Institute in the face of incessant opposition from the civil, and also from the subservient ecclesiastical authorities, is of great interest; and while the account is obviously biased, we may penetrate to the real greatness of the woman who so completely mastered herself that she succeeded in mastering the very difficult political and religious situations she was called upon to confront.

Jeanne Charlotte de Bréchard was the spiritual daughter of Francis de Sales and Jane Frances de Chantal, and one of the three original sisters of the Order of the Visitation. Neglected, even cruelly treated in childhood, high spirited and quick-tempered, sensitive, this aristocratic woman learned also to master herself; and "heroic sanctity" is no exaggerated term to apply to the way she organized houses, and trained the novices, through many years of "vicissitudes, contradictions, difficulties, and misunderstandings which accompanied the first foundations of the Order of the Visitation." Associated with striking individuals, in a time of religious revival and fervour, her life throws many side-lights of great interest upon those with whom she worked.

These books are not only interesting as biographies, they reveal at once how far strength of character can go, and how definite a barrier to even greater accomplishments, intellectual limitations can be.

A. G.

The Idea of Immortality (the Gifford Lectures, 1922), by A. Seth Pringle-Pattison. The Clarendon Press; price, $3.25.

Dr. Pringle-Pattison is neither skeptic nor materialist, but he has challenged in these lectures the sufficiency of various arguments which have been brought forward in support of the doctrine of immortality. One may disagree with details of his criticism, and still agree heartily with the spirit of intellectual honesty, which has actuated it. Knowledge is inseparable from experience. Magellan proved that the Earth is round, by leading an expedition around it. We shall only be able to prove immortality, by becoming immortal. Until that day, argument and discussion may assist and clarify our belief, but they will settle nothing.

The author, however, may be said to make faith more difficult, by setting up a dogma of his own. He asserts that "there is no soul (in any sense relevant to the present question) except the unified personality built up by our own acts" (page 203). Since he discards both

the independence and the preëxistence of the Soul, he must mean by personality a complex of mental and emotional states, which are directly dependent upon a physical body for their formation and maintenance. It is impossible even to surmise how such a complex could long survive the death of the body. He is thus forced to justify his faith in immortality by a direct appeal to God: the beneficence of our Creator is a guarantee that we shall be able to continue in other æons the individual lives which we have here begun.

However, the author cannot bring himself to believe that even God can thrust immortality upon man "without his active co-operation." The sense of personal being must be attributed in some measure to that part of human nature which loves the Divine, for otherwise the personality, being wholly merged in the bodily consciousness, will perish with the body. But it seems so much simpler to believe without cavil in the independent reality and proper immortality of the Soul, and to raise the question of immortality, not for the Soul which cannot help being immortal, but for the personality or vesture which has been projected by the Soul, as a means of attaining self-consciousness. Failure for the Soul then becomes the failure of the Soul to become self-conscious in any given incarnation. And if it fail this time, it can try again.

Professor Pringle-Pattison mentions with admiration and respect the doctrine of those who, like Spinoza, have thought of Eternal Life less as a continuance of personal existence than as a super-individual consciousness above and outside space and time. "If we are occupied with thoughts immortal and divine, or with some great cause which means for us the kingdom of God upon earth, or, for the matter of that, in doing anything that we feel is worth doing, we have neither time nor inclination to brood over our personal future. . . . So death should find us" (page 208). But to know or even to glimpse immortality while still in the body, is to become, to a greater or less degree, self-conscious as the Soul. How can we attribute that high destiny to the Soul, if it be only a product or culmination of animal life?

V. S.

Fragments, Vol. III, recently published, contains three important typographical errors. On page 22, fourth line from the bottom, the last word on that line ought to be "the" and not "into." On page 25, sixth line, the third word ought to be "in" and not "is." On page 52, tenth line from the bottom, the last word on that line ought to be "into" and not "the."

Those who have already purchased this volume can either make the corrections by hand, or can forward the volume to The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, to be exchanged for a corrected volume now ready.

The publishers beg to apologize both to the author and to the purchasers of this volume for these serious printer's errors.

Books reviewed in these columns may be obtained from The Quarterly Book Department, P. O. Box 64, Station O., New York, N. Y.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 310.—*We are told that we must each work out our own destiny; should we do so even at the cost of pain to others?*

ANSWER.—Yes, if working out our destiny means living, in the circumstances and surroundings in which we are placed, a life which has as its motives conformity with divine purpose, within and without; real selflessness, true aspiration and devotion. If these motives govern, we shall not give lasting or unnecessary pain.

There is always the possibility, when we cause pain to others, that we are not doing things right, and it would be well to examine ourselves to see just how and where the element of self has entered into our acts and words. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—It is hardly likely that we can truly work out our destiny without causing pain and disappointment to some of our friends. The question is *how* and *why* they are pained. Our own motives should have our most careful scrutiny. "Working out our destiny" may be merely an excuse for self-indulgence at the expense of others. C. M. S.

ANSWER.—We each have to work out our own destiny and that destiny often is linked closely with the destiny of others. Is not this involved with what the *Gita* calls the right performance of duty? If so, what is duty? In its larger sense duty is the obligation to act in conformity with the law of universal action—true Karma. Hence duty must be supreme and we have to do it, if we wish to be true to our best Self, even if such action mean pain to others who are not ready or willing to subordinate their lives and actions to universal law. When we have entered into obligations to others which link their destiny with ours, we are not free to leave them to their own fate, lest we cause them pain. In the larger sense, we are most true to them when we perform our obligations; but this should not involve heedlessness or indifference to their pain. K.

ANSWER.—Our destiny is to attain to perfection. But it is quite possible that we, in our haste, may mistake the means by which to reach our goal. We shall not reach it by rushing ahead regardless of the feelings of those to whom we owe love, consideration or obedience. Duty may demand a temporary halt in what we regard as essential to our progress. Always we must make very sure that our impelling force is the Master's will and not self-will. S.

ANSWER.—"To work out one's destiny" means that every virtue, every spiritual power and quality must ultimately be acquired, and every sin, fault, or weakness conquered and eradicated. Each one must accomplish this task, step by step, for himself, by his own efforts. No one else can do it for him and he must walk the Path on his own feet, but High Heaven does not leave him to find the way alone. It provides for each one his duties, which are specially designed to bring him to his goal. In following the plain course of duty, it is often necessary to give pain to others. The father's duty may be to inflict pain on a rebellious child. The soldier, called upon to give his life for a great cause, cannot hesitate because his death might cause pain to those who loved him or who were dependent upon him.

"To work out one's destiny" does not, however, mean that we are to follow a self-chosen "career" or to "cultivate our souls" at the expense of others or of our duties to them. Just the contrary. Souls are not cultivated that way. It may well be the clear duty of a daughter,

perhaps herself an ardent seeker for chêlaship, to give up all outer opportunities for spiritual instruction, in order to care for an invalid mother. She will lose nothing by doing so. The Path always lies through duties, not around or away from them. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—As an abstract metaphysical proposition, it may be stated that no individual can work out his own destiny without thereby working for the destiny of all other individuals. At least, such must be the opinion of anyone who believes that the Universe rests upon order and proportion and harmony. How, then, does pain arise? Is it not both the effect and the corrective of the "dire heresy of separateness," which leads the individual soul to forget its real union with the Universal Soul? If pain be a cure for evil, it may be our *destiny* to bring suffering to others. Napoleon and Alexander were not necessarily devils, because death and bereavement followed in their footsteps. Nor is the physician a fiend, when he is forced to cause physical pain to his patients in the very act of healing them. V. S.

QUESTION NO. 311.—*If the elemental created by a wish is fed by the recurrence of that wish, how are we to dispose of the elemental? Is that done by starving it to death?*

ANSWER.—Elementals live on attention. "Desires grow by brooding on themselves." It is not its recurrence but the attention given to the wish that feeds it. It is also fed by our self-identification with it, when we permit ourselves to regard it as "our desire," instead of seeing it as a desire foreign to our real selves which is trying to impose itself upon us.

Denying attention to elemental desires keeps them from growing, but it is a very slow way of killing them, and at any unguarded moment we may give them a new lease of life. The surest way to kill the desires of the lower nature is to replace them with the infinitely more potent desires of the soul. A greater desire obliterates a lesser one. No matter how much of a drunkard a man may be, he will not be conscious of any desire for drink while he is trying to save his children from a burning house. The lower desires owe their power to the life which they have stolen from the soul, and that force must be reclaimed.

This is a task that can by no means be accomplished in a moment, but we have one great advantage—lower desires are many and for the most part self-contradictory. We cannot play golf and idle in an easy-chair simultaneously. We must give up one to do the other. Hence only a small fraction of our power of desire can get into any one act of lower nature. Most of us would be put to it to name any one thing the accomplishment of which would make us keenly happy, a significant indication of the state to which we have reduced ourselves. The desires of the soul, on the other hand, are one-pointed and harmonious. The saints and seers of all ages have borne testimony—mostly to deaf ears—of the infinitely greater colour and richness of the life of the soul. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Yes. But starving it to death involves not only the cessation of the original wish, but the replacing it by a desire which represents its spiritual opposite. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—If we keep brooding on any of our wishes, attending to them, and giving to them all that we have of life and consciousness and force,—then we are certainly feeding the elemental. But if we turn our attention to our ideal, to acting from that ideal, something other than an elemental is fed. Experience shows that the elementals, the complexes, the habits which have built up the lower self, always strive to draw attention to themselves, just as a stomach accustomed to a certain subconscious feeling of repletion, will make a claim to "appetite" and "exhaustion" and so on. Therefore we have to learn to wish for the things which belong to the real Self with such devotion that nothing can divert our attention from them. Then the elementals get "starved." A. K.

ANSWER.—Every memory of self-indulgence is a potential temptation to renewed self-indulgence. Therefore, the imaginative force, which gives power and life to such a memory, must be denied any expression in action. We cannot help being tempted but we can refuse to accept the desires suggested by the tempter as veritably our own desires. Under these conditions, our "elementals" must die of starvation, for they are said to live upon attention. But the process of purification has also a positive side. The aspirant must do

more than withdraw his attention from the unworthy; he must fix his attention upon that which he believes to be worthy. In this way a new vehicle will be provided for the re-embodiment of the forces of desire, imagination and will which are released through the weakening and disintegration of every elemental wrongfully created by us in the past. The physical phenomenon of electro-magnetic induction seems to offer a physical analogy for this transformation of our spiritual powers. S. L.

ANSWER.—That is one way—undoubtedly. Yet if we really understood the situation we should not wait for the slow process of starvation. Its very existence proves our ignorance and we may be feeding it when we think we are starving it. "Do the opposite" is an old rule which might well be applied to the desires of our elementals. In the days when betting was rampant among English gentlemen, one of them was reported to have won large sums by betting that his opponent could not avoid thinking of a black dog inside 60 seconds after the word "go" was uttered. One night he lost, and as he paid, he said: "Would you mind telling me how you did it?" The winner answered: "Why—I just thought of a white cat and thought so hard there was no chance to think of anything else." G. W.

QUESTION NO. 312.—*It is said in the Bhagavad Gita (IV, 36) that "Even though thou art the chief sinner among all sinners, thou shalt cross to the further side of evil in the boat of all knowledge." But if the penalty of sin be blindness, how is this possible?*

ANSWER.—To paraphrase the quotation, it is possible for the greatest sinner to cross to the further side of evil in the boat of all knowledge—if he does certain things. A great sinner may have in him the potentialities of a great saint. A positive force has been perverted. While he remains a sinner, by choice, through habit, or for whatever reason, the penalty inevitably is spiritual as well as mental blindness. But suppose that the spiritual powers, the pressure of life itself, force him at last to face the consequences of his sin, with the result that he turns from it with abhorrence and loathing, turns at the same time with all of his positive nature to the things of the spiritual world: what does he do about it?

The turning of heart and attention is not enough. He applies himself to the conquest of his lower nature, which after all is the main theme of the earlier books of the *Bhagavad Gita*. He disciplines himself. He meditates upon what he is able to grasp of the real purpose and meaning that lie behind the outer forms of spiritual truth, striving to apply what he learns to outer life and living, endeavouring to extract from his experience of sin the spiritual truth of which that sin was the perversion and the opposite. He uses his will to keep the heart turned, to lead the heart; he uses his imagination to stimulate his interest in, and attention to, the things of the spiritual world.

He acts, with force and directness. On the intensity of his desire, his effort, will depend the length of his crossing. If his effort be honest, surely he will not "again come to confusion." And if his self-giving be complete, he will behold on the further side "all beings without reserve in the Soul." C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 313.—*How should a Theosophist pray?*

ANSWER.—He should pray with a full heart. So long as he prays with a full heart, the word that flows from it may be any word. The one word, Father, many times repeated, may express the heart's whole story of praise and of gratitude, or of love and longing, or of passionate remorse. But it must be the over-flow of his heart. Whether really from his heart, or only from his emotions, may be known by the fruit of such prayer. When the *heart* moves, the will decides.

The use of the mind is to move the heart. Music, poetry, some beauty of nature or of art, may greatly help us; but these, as a rule, move the emotions only, until the mind—or the faculty of "putting two and two together"—links the emotions, through the heart, with the will.

"Mental Prayer" is a method of using the mind so as to prepare the heart for true prayer, when the soul flies to its source. X.

Mrs. Ada Gregg

How many of us cherish diplomas that bear Mrs. Gregg's name as recording our admission to the Society! "Such a short signature," she said once,—"I wish I had a longer name, it would be more fitting for such an important document!" That half jesting remark was typical of her spirit and attitude, for she served the Society whole-heartedly until long past the age when active work is usually laid aside, though to her that was nothing extraordinary. Her life was centred around the demands of her position, and she joyfully gave to it all that she had of time, strength and interest.

Because she regarded herself as "called" to the service of the T. S., her account of that call, as given not long ago, has significance for all who desire to be of use to the Cause. It was her custom, she said, to come and stay for the whole of Convention week in New York, spending as many hours as possible at Headquarters, that she might be ready for any small duty which could be entrusted to a visiting member. One year she heard that the Secretary could no longer give sufficient time to the work of that office, and was intending to resign. Although totally inexperienced, she at once offered herself, only to be told that she could do little without training—not enough to justify surrendering her home in a distant town to come to New York. But her heart was on fire to make the experiment, so she went back, settled her affairs, established herself in New York,—and then renewed her offer. She was permitted to try what she could do as an assistant; and she so threw herself into the work that in time she was elected to fill the office of Secretary, and her rooms in Brooklyn became the Headquarters for T. S. correspondence. The responsibility of her position had come to her late in life, but she had an infectious enthusiasm for her work and for its increasing demands. There was something of eager joy and delight in every letter she wrote; even the filling of an order for books was no mere routine performance with her. She wanted people to know our books and to love them.

Shifting currents did not perturb her for she knew where her allegiance was given. She had the rare ability to keep true to a course once laid down, without need for constant personal counsel and reinforcement. This made it possible for her to work on effectively when, because of failing health, she was rarely able to meet and confer with the other officers. Her connecting link after that was Mr. Griscom, on whose wisdom she leaned with unfaltering confidence. There was a compartment in her desk labelled C. A. G., into which she put notes of all problems where she wanted help—and it was unfailingly given with a promptness and princely generosity that made the asking a pleasure. That label was not changed when he died, for though she had to turn then to another for help, she always thought of it as coming from him.

We owe her lasting gratitude for loyal service so gladly rendered at a time of special need. That we shall not forget. Nor must we fail to record her feeling of immense debt to the T. S. for teaching, for opportunity, for an enlargement of life beyond anything that she had ever anticipated for herself,—a reward that is invariably bestowed upon those whose devotion to the Movement has been made complete.

I. E. P.

Hjalmar Julin

Another loss has come to us in the death in Sweden of our much loved and valued friend, Mr. Hjalmar Julin, who died on the first of August. None who ever met him, could fail to be impressed by the radiance of his sweet and gentle spirit. An old and valiant worker, he will be greatly missed among the members in his native land; and throughout the Society he served so humbly but so well, his going from us will bring much sadness, even in our rejoicing at his release from recent years of suffering. His reward will surely be with him,—though reward was never what he sought.

Requiescat in pace!

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.